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## CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week the House of Lords read the Directors' Liability Bill a third time, and listened to a speech of some length from Lord HARROWBY on the social and sanitary effects of a day of rest—a subject august enough, but a little academic. After some talk about various subjects, the House of Commons got into Committee of Supply—or, in other words, to things in general—and stayed there till two o'clock in the morning, talking about the *Britomart* doing bailiff's work at the Blaskets, about dockyard workmen, about submarine boats—about, in short, anything that struck the fancy of the speakers. Some votes were, however, got; and that is always something.

This same fact, that few subjects offer a more chaste and pleasing collection of possible miscellanies of debate than Supply, and especially the Army Estimates, was once more shown on Saturday. Dr. FARQUHARSON pleaded the cause of the army doctors, as to whom Mr. STANHOPE replied, with some force, that to be able to retire after twenty years' service with a pound a day was not bad, and that he did not see his way to calling a doctor a colonel, as seems to be wished. Then the House discussed the packing up of medicine in small packets. It next passed to the Militia, on which subject it was diverted by Dr. TANNER's grave complaint that the officers of the Irish Militia (like their ancestors, the Rakes of Mallow) indulge in "cards and carousal," while Mr. E. HARRINGTON, a most competent authority, described them as "puppies and cads." Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR knew an old soldier who was stated to be a hundred years old. Mr. MUNRO FERGUSON was dissatisfied with the Anglo-German Agreement; Mr. SAMUEL SMITH was dissatisfied with the Anglo-French ditto—which, by the way, neither he nor anybody else had yet seen.

The event of Monday night in Parliament was Lord SALISBURY's statement about this Anglo-French Agreement. It was made with that tendency to "lightly" his own achievements which annoys a generation accustomed to bunkum; and the amount of positive information vouchsafed was not very large. The line from Lake Tchad to Say is confirmed, but with the important addition that it is to be curved northward, so as to admit the Niger Company's full claim to Sokoto (which some facetious journalists declare nobody ever heard of, but which, unless they were very ill educated, they must have known in their youth as "Saccatoo") and Bornu. Nothing else seems to have been fixed in this direction, and there is a good deal for the Commission of Delimitation (which is to be appointed) to do. As for the swapping of recognitions of protectorates in regard to Zanzibar and Madagascar, it appears to us, we confess, a matter of mighty small importance. English missionaries and English traders will have every right in Madagascar that they had before, and, *per contra*, the English Protectorate in Zanzibar is neither strengthened nor weakened by French recognition. As to the former matter, the power of words was never better illustrated than by the discussions about it. If on a celebrated occasion we had sent an English admiral to take Admiral PIERRE under his stern into Cape Town, it might have been very well or very ill as anybody likes. But for *De Facto* to wink hard with both eyes at French occupation, while *De Jure* sniffs out "Non possumus," seems to us (though the manner in which we have presented the fact would make a very good allegorical painting, à la THORNHILL or VERRIO) singularly foolish. In the House of Commons Mr. BALFOUR, for the first time on any stage, played the Good Genie Helping the Poor Irish Nationalist in a trifling matter about the Dublin rates, which, we regret to see and say, did not please Mr. T. W. RUSSELL,

as it had not previously pleased the House of Lords. Long, and mostly idle, discussion on subjects connected with the Foreign Office vote, the Anglo-French Agreement, the Maltese marriages, and so forth, followed.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, the Government prevailed over the enemies of the Dublin Corporation, and the Bill was passed. We cannot agree with the opposition of a section of Unionists to it. The Corporation, or, rather, its majority, leaves, no doubt, a terrible deal to desire in loyalty, patriotism, common sense, and common decency. In less shilly-shallying days there might have been a temptation to try it with a *quo warranto* or something of that sort. But if it is not fit to collect its rates, it is not fit to be; and if it is fit to be, it is fit to collect its rates. Another matter of dispute between Lords and Commons—that is to say, the Bloomsbury Gates Bill—occupied the Lower House. Some very curious cross-voting and speaking took place, Captain VERNEY, a Radical, moving (probably for the sake of odium) to confer compensation on the Duke of BEDFORD, instead of the occupiers, while the SOLICITOR-GENERAL championed these forlorn ones against his colleagues. The discussion was adjourned, and the House then talked to any hour in the morning about a wild welter of heterogeneous subjects on the pretext of Civil Service Estimates. The night was enlivened by a scene between the HOME SECRETARY and Dr. TANNER. Opinions of Mr. MATTHEWS have varied, but they should tend to harden in his favour now that Dr. TANNER has pronounced him "the meanest and basest of skunks." During the disturbance Mr. COURTNEY, who is not often epigrammatic, decided from the chair that "vulgar" is "an epithet certainly not outside Parliamentary usage, and sometimes not without Parliamentary justice."

Wednesday, which had seen the House sitting up to four o'clock in the morning, saw it sit again at twelve, and go on till close upon midnight. This remarkable exertion did, indeed, result in the completion of Supply; but the bores resolved to be merry before they went, and, in the words of GLORIOUS JOHN, they had a glorious time. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL denounced the iniquity of putting the "insulting" English emblem of St. GEORGE and the Dragon on coins intended for circulation in Scotland and Ireland, and enlightened the House as to his taste in art and ladies by observing that he "did not care for Madonnas, they were very lackadaisical sort of women." The first of these interesting revelations, by the way, drew from Sir WILFRID LAWSON a joke, obvious indeed (so much so that we may give the reader the opportunity of guessing it), but much better than the average of Sir WILFRID's jokes of late years. Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR talked for two stricken hours on the case of a dynamiter, named DALY, who seems by pure accident to have had an overdose of belladonna given him in prison. But Mr. CONYBEARE, *comme de raison*, was the chief cause of interest. The honourable member was pleased to make some Conybearian remarks on the funeral of the late Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, which Mr. BROOKFIELD, with perfect, but, considering their author, perhaps superfluous, accuracy, called "disgraceful." Mr. LABOUCHERE—a man of the nicest honour in matters of personal bravery—thought that this word should have been uttered louder or not at all, and called Mr. BROOKFIELD "cowardly." Then followed reproofs valiant in the lobby and a wrangle in the House, during the course of which Mr. CONYBEARE, with the naïveté which half redeems his faults, enriched the knowledge of the Commons as to Mr. BROOKFIELD's talent for putting universally admitted truths into forcible if un-Parliamentary language, by informing them that the member for Rye had also called him "a d—d fool." Wherein Mr. BROOKFIELD no doubt formally erred; for all truths are not for all occasions. But Sir JOHN GORST and Mr. W. H.

SMITH—men heavy with piety—compounded these jars, and the end was peace.

In the House of Lords on *Thursday* Lord CRANBROOK explained the plan for committing the proposed British Art Gallery to the capacious embraces of South Kensington; the Royal Assent was given to some Bills, and some more passed the House. In the Commons the Lords' Amendments to the Bloomsbury Gates Bill were again considered, and after a wrangle were agreed to. The County Council has bungled this matter almost more badly than usual, its blunders being capped by the attempt to deprive aggrieved persons, not of compensation, but of the very right of availing themselves of the laws of England to claim compensation if they deserve it. To Sir JOHN GORST's Indian statement we propose to return now and perhaps again. It was a rosy one, exhibiting a surplus of a cheerful kind, due in part at least not to chance. Chance, however, in the shape of the American Silver Bill, has helped Indian finance very largely, and should help more, though, of course, it must be remembered that this is a precarious source of revenue, and that there are even some aspects under which the appreciation of silver appears to be prejudicial to Indian interests. There is, however, no doubt that India generally is in a healthier state, both as regards internal administration and national defence, than it has been for a long time. Mr. BRADLAUGH, who, whatever he is, is not a bore, talked long on his favourite subject, and so did Mr. KEAY and others, who, whatever they are not, are bores. And then the House proceeded to sit up indefinitely, according to its wont at this time of the year.

Speeches and Letters on Politics. Some speeches and letters of interest as regards politics were delivered or written at the end of last week. Mr. BALFOUR made necessary mince-

meat of Mr. GLADSTONE's address to the Wesleyans at Salford, and Mr. CHAPLIN spoke in Northamptonshire. Mr. EDWARD HERRIES furnished the *Times* with some interesting precedents (which Sir WILLIAM, of course, pooh-poohs) for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's consideration in reference to the cession of Heligoland, and Colonel CADDELL published the extremely interesting fact that, whereas a month ago a Gladstonian member of Parliament uttered in his place words grossly defamatory of him, the Colonel, that member has utterly neglected to comply with, or even to notice, Colonel CADDELL's request for his authority. On Monday Lord HARTINGTON, while good-humouredly protesting against political picnics, made a speech to some excursionists at Chatsworth on the history of the Session and the prospects of Unionism. Sir HENRY JAMES followed on the same side. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, at Derby on Wednesday, declared that Parliament had wasted its time—wherein we fear it is but too possible to agree with him—assigned reasons for the waste (on which it is not only possible, but necessary, to differ with him very decidedly), and was, on the whole, less lively than usual. Of course, if Sir WILLIAM chooses to see a relinquishment of Jingoism in the policy which has just added millions of miles to the British Empire, he must be allowed to do so. You can scarcely prove to any one who sees men as trees walking that they are men, and not trees. Mr. MUNDELLA spoke on the same day in Wales, and flattered the mischievous pseudo-sentiment which is called Welsh patriotism.

#### Foreign Affairs.

The foreign intelligence of the week opened with the actual transfer of Heligoland to Germany, which was effected with a commendable minimum of fuss last Saturday.—That the great, brilliant, and witty French nation is possessed of no sense of humour, but has had that deficiency made up to it by the possession of a double portion of touchiness, has long been known. It is, however, almost inconceivable, though true, that Lord SALISBURY's playful reference to the Sahara as "very light land" has been taken almost unanimously as a grave insult by the Paris press. Paris is even more famous than Edinburgh as a home of surgery, and there is certainly work for its surgeons.—After a few days of anticipating the return of Saturn's reign, the Argentine Republic seems to be alarmed again. The great province of Cordoba has always been known to be Celmanite, and troubles are feared there. It is partly a consolation, partly not, to remember that most of these reports of troubles are due to the stirring of a certain pool—the "black pool of Agio"—not, as a rule, by angelic hands, and that they frequently have no other origin whatever.—It was announced on Thursday that the Anglo-German and Anglo-French Agreements were at last completed by the conclusion of a Convention between

Great Britain and Portugal; but no details were given. It is to be hoped that the fact is a fact; for, ill as the Portuguese have behaved, there can be no desire in any Englishman worthy the name to bully them or to apply force to make them recognize facts and abandon fiction.—From Egyptian news it would appear that trouble has arisen in the Quarantine Board from the action of the President, who, it need hardly be said, is a Frenchman.—We notice with regret that one of the most influential of minor European diplomatists—M. PERSIANI, the Russian representative in Serbia—is reported to be suffering from brain disease, which incapacitates him from the performance of any duty, and has necessitated his removal to an asylum. M. PERSIANI, like his colleague in Roumania, M. HITROV, stuck at no trifles in the service of his employers, and the service of these particular employers provides numerous trifles which some men would stick at very much. But his ability was great, and he was a faithful servant.

On Friday week Mr. H. S. C. EVERARD won the Sport. Calcutta Cup for Golf at St. Andrews.—

Some cricket matches of interest came to an end, though not to a decision, on Saturday last. A very good Canterbury week was completed by Kent v. Surrey, which was drawn considerably in favour of the home county, while a strong Past and Present Cambridge team, despite a great score in their first innings, were all but beaten by the Australians at Leyton. The match between Gloucestershire and Lancashire was also drawn at Clifton, though Gloucestershire used the new right of closing their innings with only seven men out, and Yorkshire just succeeded in securing a draw at Nottingham with the home team. An exceedingly close and interesting cricket match at the Oval between England and Australia ended on Tuesday in favour of England by two wickets only, after very small scoring by both sides on a singularly treacherous ground.—On the same day at Ryde in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Regatta another of the numerous matches between the *Thistle* and the *Ivorna* ended in favour of the latter, but rather by luck than merit.—The racing of the week, with the exception of the tail of the Lewes Meeting last Saturday, was of very little interest.

The Cardiff Strike. The announcement made just before the *Saturday Review* was printed last week that the Cardiff Strike had been arranged turned

out to be untrue, and there seemed to be fair ground for expectation that the matter would be fought out. The offers of the Railway Companies were extremely liberal, and the counter-demands of the men, besides being unwarrantably dictatorial in form, too evidently tended to make railways, as well as docks, the paradise of laziness and malingering which the Unions would have them. On Thursday afternoon, however, it was again announced that a settlement had been arrived at, of such a thoroughgoing nature that the two negotiators—Mr. INSKIP and Mr. HARFORD—were "overcome." Concessions appear to have been made on both sides; and, as both sides seem to be pleased, it may not be for outsiders to grumble. But we may fear that the battle of Armageddon which is to decide whether British trade is to be destroyed by Trade-Unionism or not is only postponed, and may have to be fought on a worse field hereafter.

A very important decision was given on Saturday last by Mr. Justice LOPES, affirming the right of innkeepers to detain luggage as against an unpaid bill, in the case of GORDON v. SILBER.—The most fortunate young woman in England (though it may be that some would hardly care for her fortune as a whole) may be said to be Miss GLADYS KNOWLES, who obtained 10,000*l.* damages in a breach of promise case on Tuesday.—A very exaggerated account was spread in the middle of the week about an accident to the CHIEF COMMISSIONER of POLICE while riding. His accident amounted, it seems, to no more than a severe shaking, from which he is recovering well.—There are ghosts in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and the Psychical Research Society has not adjourned thither *en masse*!—Mr. RAIKES, in a sensible letter to Mr. CAINE, has announced that he sees his way to reinstate some of the less guilty of the discharged postmen.

Far above all other names in the obituary of the week stands that of Cardinal NEWMAN, of whom we speak elsewhere.—Sir JAMES THOMSON MACKENZIE, of Glenmuick, possessor of the estate of Kintail, was a person of great wealth.—Mr. W. E.



BAKER, whose death was reported on Monday, was an example of a familiar, but not the best, type of Scotchman—the type which friends call hard- and foes thick-headed. Still he was industrious, honest, and in a way able—Mr. ROACH SMITH was a good antiquary, whose great age has prevented his name being as familiar of late years as it was thirty or forty years ago.

Most of the reprints on which we have more than once recently commented have been, though not nasty, cheap. One which falls to be chronicled this week is also cheap, but in a different sense. Messrs. LONGMANS have reissued Mrs. JAMESON's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, in six volumes, at ten shillings (ten shillings on the new "net" principle) each, with all their famous and excellent illustrations. Few books have had a greater influence in determining the stream of taste than these had in their day, nor have they lost their influence yet.

#### JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE tolerably well-known and (with the exception of one great series of events) not striking or important incidents of the ninety years' life which closed at Edgbaston last Monday have been sufficiently recorded in the daily papers. That most striking and important part of them is so long past that it came to an end before men who have now reached middle life were born, and has almost ceased to be contentious. The party in the Church of England which seemed to have triumphed, or to be about to triumph, at its close has been, on the contrary, utterly shattered and destroyed; and, whatever fate may await the Church and the world, it may be at least taken as certain that nothing like the old Simeonite and "T. P." Evangelical—the man who believed that all things had become new at the Reformation, and that the continuity of dogma and the catholicity of ritual were things of nought—will ever appear again among men of intelligence and education. He will have his representative of course—nothing that has once existed fails to survive by its representatives. But in his own likeness and shape he is dead for ever and ever. The "Oxford Movement" killed him, even if for a moment it seemed that it had but dragged itself, mortally wounded, out of the fight, and had withal suffered the bitter pain of seeing some of its stoutest champions pass over in that fight's midst to another enemy who had been hovering round the skirts of the battle to see what profit he might reap.

Cardinal NEWMAN sprang, as is well known, from the Evangelical party itself, and some of its marks were on him through life. His conversion was transparently honest; no one save the most contemptible of party scribes has ever hinted, or can ever hint, a doubt of that. There are men now living who have risen to high rank in the army of the aliens, but of whom it may be pronounced, as securely as one man can ever judge his brother, that, if a near prospect of bishoprics and archbishoprics had been held out to them in their own Church, they would have been ostensibly faithful to it to this day. It would be ridiculous, past all contempt or wonder, even to suggest anything of this sort in reference to NEWMAN. There may, indeed, have been in him something of the masterfulness which can only brook submission to a direct vice-gerent of God, and which would rather abrogate its independence utterly in favour of such a vice-gerent than possess it qualified by the necessity of deference to lesser dignities. The history of the Movement, abundantly as it has been written, has never been wholly told yet; but there are hints in divers versions of it which point to such a conclusion. Nor does the proud humility with which he, in the long years of his attachment to the Roman Church, stood aloof from official positions or acquiesced in his exclusion from them in any way militate against the supposition. In spite of his extraordinary magnetism for men, he always stood more or less aloof from them. Generation after generation followed him, always, except in the case of the weaklings, to find themselves baffled. One of the ablest of his followers, questioned delicately enough as to his experiences, said once upon a time:—"You would not think much of those who have been in Armida's Garden if they talked of it when they came out." And it may be admitted that there was something not wholly pleasant in the famous quarrel with CHARLES KINGSLEY which led to the *Apologia*. The time, the antagonists, the occasion were too well chosen. KINGSLEY was a

man of genius, not inferior in its different way to NEWMAN's own, and had spoken in *Yeast* and elsewhere with the most unstinting admiration of his adversary. It was notorious that with all his ability he was always unable to conduct an argument, and generally unable to formulate an accurate statement. On the particular occasion, though he was formally in the wrong, he was materially in the right, and any one who could argue might with his cards have beggared NEWMAN in a deal or two. It was pretty certain that KINGSLEY would play those cards ill, and he did. On the other hand, it was a good moment for NEWMAN, the first blush of odium having passed over, to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the public, and he did it with consummate skill. But there remained in the minds of good judges the suspicion that the author of *Westward Ho!* was something of a victim. Still he had laid himself out for the punishment which he got, and should not have meddled with bowls if he was not prepared for rubbers.

No other incident of NEWMAN's life, hardly even the *gran rifiuto* of the desertion itself, had a taint of ugliness. His character was indeed superior to his genius. His logical power has been praised at least sufficiently; and it has been the fashion (chiefly with persons who seem to think that they show a chivalrous generosity towards CHRIST by complimenting the style of a Christian) to go into ecstasies over his English. It had occasionally a wonderful charm, but it was not of the greatest. There are passages of the *Dream of Gerontius* and the lesser poems, of the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Sermons*, and the other prose works which are unsurpassable in point of natural music. NEWMAN had the very best of all educations; he was in constant contact with some of the greatest minds of the past; his militant life for years compelled him to watch his words, and he was by nature free from the two greatest curses of our modern English, the misuse of the adjective and the attempt to say a plain thing in fancy language. His best passages are extremely simple, and the prominence of ornate style during the century has, perhaps, on that very account caused them to be overvalued. But the marks which relegate him from the first to the second rank among masters of style are, first, the distinct prominence of the oratorical note in him, the note of spoken not written style; secondly, the fact that his command even of his own best style was very intermittent and unequal; and, thirdly, the fact that even at its best it lacked not so much distinction as individuality. It was the quintessence of the academic—an admirable thing, but still below the idiosyncrasy of the very greatest. In the same key of fault-finding, it may be noted that NEWMAN's sympathies were somewhat restricted, both on the human and the patriotic side. It will always be remembered to his credit that he knew good wine if he did not drink much, and he was a musician. But to many of the sides of the "Movement" he was not warmly disposed, and he stood quite aloof from the very noblest side of all, the side which impelled men to a new interest in the artistic, the historical, the political traditions of England. An intense but narrow conception of personal holiness and personal satisfaction with dogma ate him up—the natural legacy of the Evangelical school in which he had been nursed. The great tradition of Tory churchmanship, of pride in the Church of England as such, of determination to stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting the foreigner, whether he came from Rome or from Geneva, from Tübingen or from Saint-Sulpice, of the union of all social and intellectual culture with theological learning—the idea which, alone of all such ideas, has made clericalism patriotic and orthodoxy generous, made insufficient appeal to him, and for want of it he himself made shipwreck.

Yet he was a very great man, and the great mistake of his life was, no doubt, a mistake merely. Of the marvellous effect of his presence something, though the least part, remains in the numerous portraits of him which exist, from the date of the *Tracts* to the last and singularly excellent photograph taken by Messrs. BARBAUD but a year or two ago. He will be remembered as a prominent figure in the greatest religious Movement of this age, as a singularly commanding and influential personality, as a writer of all but the first—some would say of the first—class whose works, or some of them, will be read for their style long after the immediate controversies which they concern are dead and, but for them, forgotten. When, indeed, he is called the greatest figure of the Movement in which he was so long the chief fighting force we must demur. It is not only that his final action fatally condemned

his action precedent; it is not only that the laurels of a deserter must, though he desert from the purest motives, always be something withered. But there was in that Movement a leader positively greater than he—less, though not so very much less, in charm of style at his best; still more retiring, less self-assertive, less attractive it may be personally, but a far greater theologian, a man of wider sympathies, of equally intense, if not equally imposing, character, and, above all, of unswerving loyalty. No full justice has yet been done to that leader, but it will be done some day. For there can hardly be a greater achievement than that a man in the hour of defeat, of desertion, and of disgrace, with friends flinching and turning against their own side, with the powers that be in Church and State arrayed against him, with every witling pointing the joke and every fool suggesting treachery, should remain undaunted and unshaken, should through long years abide in quietness and in confidence, faithful through life and to death, and should, with an almost unparalleled felicity, live to see the vast majority of his contemporaries who united intelligence to churchmanship on his own side. That achievement and (for the gods are just) that felicity belonged, not to JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, but to EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY.

#### THE STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES.

THE manner in which the strike of the railway men in South Wales has been settled only confirms the impression left by the failure of the negotiations at the end of last week. Unless there had been something else to cause the dispute than the avowed cause of quarrel, it is impossible to believe that the compromise then arranged between the Directors of the three lines and the Unionist delegate, Mr. HARFORD, would have been summarily rejected by the men. The point on which employers and employed differed was nominally a mere trifle. It was only a matter of ten hours' guaranteed work in a month. The Companies were prepared to guarantee the men sixty hours' work for three weeks of the month, and forty in the fourth week, which contains the monthly day off taken by the miners under the name of MABON'S holiday. The men insisted on three sixties and fifty. There had been some minor points of difference; but they were soon lost sight of, and the question was narrowed down to the ten hours a month. An alternative suggestion made by the Directors—that the fixed wage should be calculated by the lunar month, and not by the week—was perhaps dictated by a wish to preserve for themselves a little more freedom of control over the management of their business, but the difference was little more than a matter of names. Some of the men professed to see in the offer signs that the Directors did not mean to treat them fairly. If, so they said, the lunar month was taken as the measure of time, the Companies would be free to leave them idle one week and employ them on double time the next. This fear can hardly have been sincere on the part of men who must know how the business of a railway is conducted. It has very much the look of a pretext advanced by men who have resolved to fight in any case. If it was real, then the railway servants must have persuaded themselves that the Directors are their natural enemies; and the existence of this conviction would bring a very ugly element into the quarrel. But the existence of any such belief is not consistent with the known relations of the three lines to their servants. It is safe to conclude that such talk is only one proof among others of the disposition of the men to go on fighting because they have decided to make a fight. The well-informed and careful Correspondent of the *Times* declares that, in his opinion, this was their disposition at the end of last week. Such a resolution on their part fully explains the persistence of a strike which certainly seemed very ill justified by the trifling character of the avowed cause of quarrel. Finally, after nearly a fortnight's suspension of work, entailing great loss on themselves, their employers, and the miners of the district, the railway men have accepted terms not materially differing from those the Directors have offered all along. They are to have a guaranteed sixty hours a week, except when "MABON'S holiday" suspends business. It is also expressly stipulated that the men shall not be paid if work is stopped by strikes. The Directors have, no doubt, made an important concession by recognising the fixed week's work, and have also advanced beyond their offer of last week, in so far as they no longer limit the

guarantee to two hundred and twenty hours in the lunar month. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the fixed week is not a new thing in South Wales, and that the Company have scored an important point by the clause which exempts them from paying wages if work on the line is stopped by a strike.

All that is known of the struggle, indeed, supports the view we have taken of the failure of last week's negotiation. There was, for one thing, a question of principle at stake in the demand for a recognized minimum week's work. If the men were to have a recognized right to so many hours' employment, and were, further, to be entitled to time and a quarter, or time and a half on Sundays, for overtime, it would be their manifest interest to dawdle over work in order to obtain the higher rate of pay. That this is no idle fear is shown by the experience of employers in the London Docks since the great strike. The power which constrained the Directors to yield would inevitably do its utmost to limit their power of dismissal. The Dublin Railway Company has discovered this within the last few days, and though it has beaten back the Union, it has only done so by active exertions. This risk the Directors of the three lines must now run, and the nature of it is shown by the presence of the agitator TILLET at Cardiff. He has no business in a conflict between employers and employed out of London, except as the representative of an organization which is making a deliberate attack on capital. The real meaning of his presence has been promptly shown by the demand of the dock labourers at Cardiff to exclude non-Unionist workmen. These dock labourers were for a time in this fortunate position, that whereas the stoppage of work on the Taff, Rhymney, and Barry lines had suspended work in the Cardiff Dock, they were drawing their wages as the servants of the Company. With impudent cynicism they avowed their hope that the strike would last for ever. For the rest, they are, it is believed—and is easy to believe—meditating a strike of their own, in order to enforce the exclusion of non-Unionists from the docks. In fact, the railway servants' strike was to be only the beginning of a "struggle between labour and capital" on the now well-known lines. Even as it is, the railway or dock Directors and the shipowners or merchants of Cardiff may have a long fight before them, unless the signs are more than ordinarily misleading. After the stoppage of work on the lines has kept the dock idle, the strike of the dockers will, in turn, hamper the railways. The Unions will in the meantime be active at Newport and Swansea, securing the co-operation of workmen in those ports, and preparing for a repetition of strikes there which, in turn, will, they hope, be supported from Cardiff. This, or something like it, is the avowed intention of the wirepullers of the strike. And, although the Railway Companies have guarded themselves against the danger of being compelled to pay men kept idle by a dock strike, the risk is not yet wholly removed. In the presence of such a threat, the employers of all classes will be utterly wanting in sense and spirit if they do not make a stand. As yet they have been resolute. An insolent attempt on the part of the Secretary of the Seamen and Firemen's Union to dictate to them has produced a very proper effect, a distinct statement of their intention to support the Directors. It is to be hoped that if the Unions persist they will prove their possession of a fair share of that obstinacy in fight which is seldom wanting to a Welshman. The swaggering assertion of the strikers that public opinion is in their favour is idle wind. Public opinion is commonly on the side of those who will fight for themselves, as Mr. LIVESEY has fully proved. The employers in South Wales have not shown themselves exacting in dealing with their men; and, when they are attacked as they now are, they are well justified in declaring that it would be better to face a strike of some months than to yield to their avowed enemies. Sir W. T. LEWIS's scheme to establish a Board of Arbitration, on the model of one which already exists with good results in the mining districts, may remove the risk of such quarrels as this in future. It will only do so, however, if both sides work in a fair spirit; and it is hopeless to look for fairness if the Union agitators are allowed to have any say in the matter.

If public opinion is directed to the strike in South Wales, there are certain of its features to which attention may profitably be paid. One is the ease with which a handful of workmen who have themselves not been ill off have been able to disorganize the industry of a considerable district. Fifteen hundred railway servants have it in their power to throw a hundred thousand miners out of work. The public



opinion of these men, we may observe, might very possibly have turned against those who are condemning them to loss, and possibly to actual want, in the pursuit of their own selfish objects. But the community at large has an interest of its own in this dispute. The action of the Welsh railway men ought, unless the country is almost incredibly careless, to bring forward the general question whether the means of communication without which industry cannot be carried on are to be left at the mercy of handfuls of men who may be misled by agitators. In this case fifteen hundred men, who do not profess to demand more than a slight concession, have thrown a hundred thousand miners out of work, have reduced a great port to idleness, and have deliberately inflicted immense direct and indirect loss. The disproportion between the damage done and the object to be obtained is enormous, and the really shocking feature of it all is, that the worst of the loss was inflicted by the railway men on those who are in no sense responsible for the action of the Directors, or in any way their enemies. The strikers were, in fact, making use of an old means of coercion, familiar enough in history, and more familiar in melodrama. It is the threat, If you do not yield, then we will murder this other person. This ought of itself to deprive them of any sympathy. No strike, of course, can be conducted without inflicting loss on the community; but when it attacks the common instruments of industry, such as railways or light, it becomes a direct attack, and should be repelled by the interests assailed. Sir EDWARD REED, who has not served Mr. GLADSTONE so abjectly for quite nothing, has, we see, told the Cardiff dockers that they are not dictating to the employer whom he shall employ, but asserting their own liberty to work with whom they please. This is pretty and Gladstonian; but it is open to the reply that this liberty may be asserted by giving up wages, but not by violently preventing other men from working.

#### OF DECOLLATION.

AMONG other survivals of fine old British institutions in the United States, it is refreshing to note the appearance of the American Matron in the current number of the *Forum*. "The *Décolleté* in Modern Life," by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, is a sparkling denunciation of the manners and morals of American society. "Miss PHELPS (now Mrs. WARD)," as the bibliography of contributors has it, writes with a shrinking, yet highly responsible, pen, as she hurls "the lance of scorn" at the evening dress of fashionable ladies. With the same weapon she transfixes the social entertainments, the theatre, the waltz, the ballet, the "promiscuous surf bathing," and the other civilizing pastimes of her native land. Like HORACE, Mrs. WARD finds there are subjects that are difficult to treat—in the *Forum*; but, unlike HORACE, with the zeal of a woman with a mission, she attempts to deal in a delicate way with what she considers a coarse subject. It is really surprising what indecency may be revealed, and in what august and unsuspected quarters, to the fearless moral investigator. It was said by a publisher—an envious publisher it would seem—of an author whose "questionable book" was a prodigious success, "You cannot blame her; she was born *décolleté*," and "Behold!" adds Mrs. WARD, with odd inconsequence, "her public turns and rends her, and not a woman of us stays to pity her, for is 'she not a woman?'" An ungrateful public, a barren moral! Most of us are born so, or more so, in the way of nature. When Mrs. RAWDON CRAWLEY put on the neatest and prettiest of white frocks, she looked the image of youthful innocence, we are told, "with her bare shoulders and a little necklace and a light blue sash." But Mrs. WARD would have preferred to see her dressed as "the Irish cook, your superior, 'madam,' when she goes to her ball on St. PATRICK'S Day, clothed to the throat, and forbidden to waltz by the rules of her Church. To be *décolleté* is nothing but a shocking thing and abominable. Let us 'call the low thing 'low,' exclaims our indignant moralist, 'and out with it!'" Away with the unutterable thing, the "V-back," with "some nothing for a sleeve," and all the rest of it. It matters not how worn, or who is the wearer, it is all one to the censor in the *Forum*. Here, for example, in the most decorous of cities, is a lady of one of the "best" families—a middle-aged, queenly, home-loving matron—wife of an affectionate husband, mother of grown sons and daughters, who wears her dress—"but my pen shrinks from writing 'what this high-bred lady does.'" What this lady does do

is precisely what we ought to know, or there is no force in the critic's sweeping contention that all *décolleté* dress is indecent, and women so attired are indecent. But Mrs. WARD's reasoning is hard to follow. The corollary, in this instance, is not legitimately deduced from the proposition. For a lady who cannot read naughty or questionable literature, Mrs. WARD's style is mysteriously allusive. With respect to waltzing, she is strongly of opinion that this form of "promiscuous dancing" will one day be regarded "as 'we now regard the practices attending the worship of 'APHRODITE.'" BYRON thought no better of the dance, though BYRON could not waltz. But he is popularly supposed to have been an authority on the subject. Certainly, the modern moralist could have no stronger ally. The waltz, as she is danced in America, must, indeed, be a sight for moralists, if the best that can be said for it is that the "groves of Ishtar were more frank," and that American drawing-rooms succeeded only in veiling "the eternal, unutterable, identical thing." The editor of the *Forum* must be prepared for curious inquiries concerning the groves of Ishtar, the unutterable thing, and its identity with the American waltz. If eternal, what is the use of prodding it with "the lance of scorn?"

Society in America, Mrs. WARD thinks, is harking back to the "Congo idea" of entertainment. Degeneracy may be detected everywhere. It looks, in fact, very much like a case of social atavism. Though not a playgoer herself, Mrs. WARD is grieved to say that ladies no longer shut their eyes when the ballet comes on, like the good lady of Puritan training whose example she commends. Even young girls sit it out, and enjoy the spectacular drama unblinking. It does not occur to the writer in the *Forum* that this hardened behaviour may be a better proof of the modesty and innocence she finds so lacking than are the blushes and downward glances she values so indiscriminately. Those who go to the theatre to be shocked can generally compass their desire, and the surest way of obtaining imperfect or erroneous views of the stage is to close the eyes at the entry of the ballet. A painfully cryptic story is told in illustration of the personal demoralization of American "hupper suckles." A gentleman and his wife, distinguished foreigners both, were entertained at dinner by a member of the fashionable society in a certain town. After dinner the lady addressed another lady, one of high position and refinement, "What does this mean? What is this 'society' we are invited to in your city? What do the 'people in this house take us for? Are my husband and 'I to be considered dissolute characters? We have never 'been so insulted in our lives!' Pressed for an explanation, this tempestuous lady burst forth anew:—"Do you 'know the woman who sat next my husband? Her 'behaviour to him was such throughout the meal that he 'told me he had been asked to take a disreputable woman 'down to dinner, and was ready to leave the house at any 'time I said.' We may well ask with the angry lady, What does this mean? Perhaps the foreign gentleman did not understand American. After this evidence, and that of the young man who had often danced with young ladies "too far gone" to converse, or fairly intoxicated, there is nothing for it but to save society. And our moralist and censor is ready with a remedy. A dozen influential ladies are to form an association to be styled, not without a touch of arrogance, "The Ladies." They are to make their own sumptuary laws in combination with a dozen like-minded gentlemen. They will accept no invitations to meet "immodestly-dressed guests," and in three months society will be revolutionized. As the author says, it is a simple project; so very simple, so exquisitely simple, we realize with fresh force that the New World is still very new.

#### SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON THE LORDS.

THE House of Commons has not had long to wait for a defender against Lord SALISBURY's recent criticisms. We may say, indeed, that its champion was tacitly designated by public opinion even at the moment of the attack. When, in his speech of the other night at the Mansion House, the PRIME MINISTER reviewed the more conspicuous failings of the popular branch of the Legislature, the loquacity which grows upon it, the restless desire of self-advertisement which inspires some of its members, and the spirit of factious obstructiveness which animates so many others, all eyes were instinctively turned upon Sir WILLIAM

HARCOURT. Here, as all felt, was the one pre-eminently fit respondent to that haughty challenge; here was the one distinguished member of the House of Commons who could repel these unjust imputations, not only by argument, but by example, and who could fairly boast that in his own person he illustrated all those virtues which Lord SALISBURY, through an erroneous impression that they had been carried to excess, had so unjustly mistaken for vices. As an orator who never talks for talking's sake, as a party leader who has notoriously nothing to gain by keeping himself before the public, and as a politician no less chivalrous towards his adversaries than solicitous for the progress of public business, he is qualified, as no one else could be, to rebut the triple charge of garrulity, self-seeking, and unscrupulous partisanship. And when it was seen that he had undertaken this task in his speech of the other night to his constituents at Derby, everybody interested in the reputation of the House of Commons breathed again.

We do not need and do not propose to review Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's apology for that assembly in detail. It is more convenient to "take it as read"—more especially as it has been read some half a dozen times already in his last half-dozen speeches. We all know his triumphant method of proving that the Government have done nothing but obstruct themselves from the first day of the Session to the last; that nobody, not even Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, has made a single speech more than was necessary; that no member, not even an Irish one, has ever spoken at excessive length; that no party, or section of a party or group, of Parliamentary confederates, not even Sir WILFRID LAWSON and the temperance clique, has ever abused the forms of the House or persevered for an hour beyond what was legitimate in their resistance to any measure which they disliked; and that, in short, the entire legislative failure of the Session is due to the fact that Ministers provoked a debate on the Report of the Special Commission, which was prolonged, solely on their responsibility, for a week; and that they introduced certain licensing proposals which were in such complete conformity with the avowed principles of the Opposition leaders, that they ought, as experienced politicians, to have anticipated the obstinate resistance which they met with from the whole Opposition party.

It is more interesting to hear Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the House of Lords than on the House of Commons. When he carries the war into the enemy's country he is always great; and he had not gone far in his attack on the Upper House before he remembered his swashing blow, and delivered it with deadly effect. As thus:—"It is said that 'they are a great deliberative assembly. I confess I cannot point to any debate in the present Session of Parliament, or, indeed, in a good many previous Sessions, where any of the debates in the House of Lords have cast much light on the affairs of the nation.' *Habent*. We should like to know how the Lords feel after that. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot point to any enlightening debate in the Upper House for many Sessions past. He has never derived any clearer views on foreign affairs from Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBURY, never gained any deeper insight into legal questions from Lord SELBORNE or Lord HERSHELL, never heard anything worth listening to on economical subjects from Lord DERBY or the Duke of AROLYL. And therefore—and it is here that the master of dialectics comes in—and therefore nobody else has found anything illuminating in the debates of the House of Lords. The country cannot admire, the public cannot derive instruction from, anything which does not inform and extort admiration from the member for Derby. The only risk of error in this reasoning arises from the possibility—we put it no higher—that the member for Derby may not be the measure of all mankind. As regards what he finds enlightening or the reverse, this may quite conceivably be the case. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may be blind from excess of light and unable to perceive any illuminants outside himself. In matters of constitutional law this is, in fact, known to be so; and it may, for all we know, be the same with every other subject of debate in the House of Lords during "this and a good many previous Sessions."

#### THE NAVAL ENGINEERS.

WE had occasion to point out lately the undoubted grievance of the Engineers of the Royal Navy. We then said that there was no reason why they should be less well paid or enjoy less comparative rank than doctors or paymasters. The engineers, having a shrewd estimate of the nature of the department with which they have to deal, and being, no doubt, acquainted with the great leading case of the Unjust Judge, are not inclined to remain satisfied with general acknowledgments of their merits by official or unofficial persons. They are fighting their case by the methods which naturally suggest themselves to persons who know the world. That case is one which does not need to be stated with much detail in order to be convincing. It is enough to say that a body of most necessary officers are less well treated than other officers. The engineers have been made somewhat angry by the devices used to stave off their claims in the House of Commons. They appear not a little exasperated when the FIRST LORD or the SECRETARY gets up and observes, that it costs more to train a captain than an engineer, or that the engineers should remember that they have to pass less time on half-pay than "executive officers." Their reply is that the cost of training is about equal to either kind of cadet, and that, if they have less half-pay than captains, they can never expect to command a ship, and, further, that they pass as much time on half-pay as doctors, paymasters, or even lieutenants. These are good answers—better than the official evasions deserve. But the paymasters should remember that the oracular remarks of First Lords and Parliamentary Secretaries are only meant to pass the question by. It is hard for the political heads of departments to find more money for any class of officers. There is no going back from such concessions, at which the House of Commons generally grumbles. It is only just to remember this, and to have some pity for the sorrows of the FIRST LORD, who is a heavily laden man.

The grievances of the Naval Engineers will have to be considered, however, and not these only, but the whole position of the engineer branch of the service. According to our custom, which is not altogether a bad one, we have dealt with it hitherto in a somewhat hand to mouth manner, making each successive step as short as possible, and doing always no more than would just serve the turn. There are advantages in this method, for it allows of experiment, and saves us from the burden of a complicated system, drawn up on paper, without the practical knowledge which can only be given by experience. But it has its defects, one of which is that it is liable to leave us at a critical moment without a sufficiently numerous force. Moreover, in this case it may surely be considered that we have made as many experiments as are necessary. We know thoroughly well how vitally important the engineer department is, and what in the main it ought to be. It is not to be denied that it falls, in one respect, far short of the proper standard. When the FIRST LORD and his SECRETARY point out that engineers are commonly on full pay, they confess by implication that the corps is not nearly large enough. If the two hundred and odd ships which we have in commission on all kinds of service employ nearly all our engineers, it follows that, if we had five hundred vessels in commission, we should be dreadfully short of officers to take charge of their engines. This is not a weakness which is peculiar to the engineer branch. The staff of lieutenants is notoriously short. But steps have been taken to remedy that defect; and, moreover, the extent of a weakness is the worst of all possible reasons for leaving it wholly unremedied. It is a self-evident truth that, if war cannot be carried on except by the use of innumerable complicated machines, men must be provided to handle them. There are some—they are pretty numerous in the navy, and in the engineer branch itself—who quietly think that the test of war will soon show the ingenious worthlessness of much of our machinery. But it hardly lies in the mouth of the Admiralty to use this as an argument; and, whatever strength it has, it does not affect the demand that the engineer staff should be much larger than it is. Steam we must continue to use; and, if five hundred ships are to be commissioned, at least fifteen hundred engineers will be required to look after them, and this is more than twice the total number at present on the active list. What is true of the engineers is equally true of the engine-room artificers and stokers. The difficulty of keeping up a staff which shall be sufficient for war, and yet not preposterously



too large for peace, is, no doubt, great. But here, again, it can only be said that the magnitude of a difficulty is a reason not for letting it alone, but for dealing with it in time.

#### A MAGNIFICENT MONTYON PRIZE.

SELDOM in our time, perhaps, has the British jurymen given his proud and grateful country a more poignantly delicious taste of his quality than the public have had the opportunity of enjoying within the last few days in connexion with the case of *KNOWLES v. DUNCAN*. The special piquancy of this flavour is, no doubt, due in some degree to the fact that we are able to trace it unmistakably to the particular mental, or rather moral, emotional, sentimental—anything, at any rate, except intellectual—element from which it proceeds. In many of the cases in which the sacred Twelve make themselves ridiculous, their vagaries show traces of a defective logical faculty, of a failure of “discursive” power, of incapacity to weigh evidence, of some twist or perversity in the processes of the understanding. But in *KNOWLES v. DUNCAN* there was nothing of the kind. The jury quite correctly appreciated the main facts of the case. They had no difficulty in perceiving that the plaintiff had satisfactorily proved the making of the promise to her by the defendant, and of the breach there was, of course, no doubt. A verdict in Miss *KNOWLES*’s favour was inevitable; and a verdict, we need hardly add, with substantial damages. Nor would there have been much to criticize in their conduct if, in their disgust at the combined profligacy and meanness of the defendant, they had slightly overstepped the line which, in the matter of damages, divides the “exemplary” from the “vindictive.” Their natural desire to punish Mr. *DUNCAN* would have been generally held to excuse a moderate amount of indifference to the fact that in so doing they might be inordinately compensating Miss *KNOWLES*.

The indifference, however, with which they must have actually treated this last consideration, if it had entered their minds at all, would pass all reasonable measure; and it, indeed, becomes an incredible hypothesis that it ever did present itself to them. A jury who award 10,000*l.* damages to the plaintiff in a breach of promise case cannot for a moment be supposed to have been thinking merely of reading a lesson to the defendant. They must obviously have brought themselves to regard the plaintiff as combining all possible claims upon their sympathy, and of having behaved herself throughout the whole affair not only without reproach but beyond suspicion. And there is every reason to suppose that this is the conclusion which the twelve good and true men of Lewes did, in fact, arrive at with regard to the behaviour of Miss *GLADYS KNOWLES*. A young woman of twenty, who goes without her mother’s knowledge to the office of a marriage-broker “for the fun of it,” and to “see what it was”; who makes the marriage-broker’s acquaintance, introduces him to her mother, and entertains his matrimonial proposals; who goes down to stay with him alone at his country-house upon a patently absurd promise—evaded by still more ridiculous excuses—of there and then marrying her; who represents herself as having been the victim during this visit of an attempt on the part of the defendant to seduce her, and who yet consents to go and stay with him again at an hotel—this is the young woman to whom the Lewes jury have awarded damages on a scale which could only be appropriate to the case of the unsophisticated village maiden who has succumbed to the wiles of the wicked earl. Can it be that the impressionable twelve did really take that view of the situation? It would almost seem so; but, if it be actually the case, if these honest gentlemen see nothing improper, or indiscreet, or unmaidenly, or unladylike, or whatever word they themselves would prefer to describe it by, in the conduct of Miss *KNOWLES*—nothing, in fact, which should make them hesitate before settling five hundred a year upon her for life as a memento of her adventures with Mr. *DUNCAN*—why, all we can say is, that Sir *JAMES HANNEN*’s most judicious remark in the *DUNLO* case must have a wider application than we, or perhaps even he, ever suspected, and that there must be other worlds than that inhabited by “*MAHMY*” and the belles of the music-hall, to which the learned judge’s dictum applies, and in one of which the highly respectable Lewes jury must habitually abide. We do not say anything against it as a world, except that its manners and customs, and the rules regulating the social intercourse between the sexes, are totally unlike, and

perhaps not so well and wisely conceived as, those that obtain in the class of society to which the plaintiff apparently belongs. And we may perhaps allow ourselves to add that the manners and the customs and the rules aforesaid are not commended to us by the fact of their apparently effacing all distinctions of desert as between a plaintiff like Miss *GLADYS KNOWLES* and one like (say) Miss *CLARISSA HARLOWE*.

#### POSTS AND TRAINS.

THE punctual delivery of letters and papers north of Edinburgh and the smooth running of trains through Edinburgh are more than Scotch questions at this season. Moreover, a question is not unimportant because it is Scotch. There is, therefore, double reason for taking a look at the present struggle to get posts and trains through the capital of Scotland in time. It has a prominent place in Scotch papers, and will doubtless before long find an echo in the letters of aggrieved correspondents to the *Times*. The trouble with the posts recurs twice a year, punctually at Christmas and during the August holiday. It is to some extent a consequence of the disorder in the train service; but it has an independent cause of its own. The traffic to Edinburgh flows in “through the neck of a bottle,” as the *Scotsman* puts it. When there is a sudden increase in the volume of the stream the bottle’s neck is choked. The mails from the South cannot be sent on in time to catch the train at Perth, which goes on without waiting for them, and they are habitually delivered twenty-four hours late. The delay has been worse this year than ever. Before the Forth Bridge was built there was a morning train from Edinburgh which, by division and management, could be occasionally made to serve. Now, however, it goes by the Bridge, and is no longer available. So much for the share of the train service in the delay of the mails to the North. But Scotchmen maintain that the block could be remedied if the St. Martin’s-le-Grand authorities did not tie the Edinburgh Post Office down to the particular trains by which the mails must be sent. There are, so we are told, trains which go by Glenfarg which would catch the Highland mail punctually if the Edinburgh Post Office were allowed to use them. Why can it not? One would think that the Postmaster at Edinburgh is a sufficiently important official to be allowed a certain latitude or to take it in face of a notorious difficulty. Scotch critics, we note, do not seem to be quite sure whether the fault lies with the Edinburgh or the London office, though they have a marked and natural tendency to lay the blame upon the latter. If they are right, let the fault be amended—and what for no? There is a Scotch Secretary and there are Scotch members who can be pertinacious. The *Scotsman* knows, and we know, and the House of Commons knows, how much greater than a burr’s is their pertinacity.

As to the block in the traffic, that, it is to be feared, is the fault very largely of the nature of things. The Waverley Station is the narrow passage of an hour-glass even more than the neck of a bottle; and, unhappily, it is very hard to see, the geology and geography of Edinburgh being what they are, how it is to be widened. Something must be done. So much all acknowledge. The North British and the Caledonian are both at this moment appealing to the Town Council for leave to do something. The Council is away on holiday, like all the rest of Scotland, except railway servants and such as sell to tourists—a considerable exception. Even if the Council was on the spot, the remedy would be a work of time, and the manner of it a crux. The building of the Waverley Station was not done by prophets, and one might say as much of Cannon Street and many other stations. Nobody foresaw what the extension of the traffic would be. And the Waverley’s is the sadder case; for whereas the London stations find it hard to widen themselves because of the immense cost of the house property on either side, the Edinburgh one is shut in by the form of the ground. Moreover, there are competitors for the possession of what additional space can be given. The North British and the Caledonian are both applying for leave to take in the Waverley Market. The first of the two is also asking for leave to remove the gasworks, and take the space for an engine-house. This last would be a most advantageous change for Edinburgh; but it is obvious that it would entail a great deal of supplementary expense and labour. Further suggestions are made as to tunnels to be run through Prince’s Gardens, and so forth. The weak

point of these schemes is, that they only provide for lengthening the station, and not for widening it. Now what is wanted is not length, but width. From this mere statement of the outlines of the case it will be seen that the railway-station difficulty at Edinburgh will not be an easy one to settle. The worst of it is, that it must needs grow. Between the natural increase of the traffic and the extra work created by the opening of the Forth Bridge, the crush at the Waverley in August has been this year unprecedented. Here, then, is an opportunity for the Scotch to show their capacity for the good business management of local affairs. Until they succeed in clearing the way, travellers to the North may lay their account with delay at Edinburgh, and then when they do get squeezed past Perth, with being kept waiting twenty-four hours for their papers.

#### THE DUBLIN CORPORATION BILL.

WE have never professed quite to understand our Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and we are not surprised, therefore, at his sudden onslaught upon the Government with respect to the Dublin Corporation Bill. The stuff and groundwork of Mr. RUSSELL's political character is a sincere, patriotic, and disinterested Unionism; but it is so copiously, and we may add unexpectedly, "shot" every here and there with orange strands of ultra-Protestant prejudice, green threads of agrarian quasi-Parnellism, and blue-ribbons of temperance fanaticism, that you can never know, to use a familiar expression, exactly where to have him. One certainly did not know where to have him the other night when the Dublin Corporation Bill came on for discussion on the third reading in the House of Commons, and when Mr. RUSSELL's political personality seemed to assume a deeper and more diffused tint of orange with every word he uttered. But, in despair of knowing where to have anybody, one may give him up; and since the measure in question left the Commons on the night to which we refer, we were able, with less of the burden of an unsolved mystery than might otherwise have oppressed us, to give up Mr. RUSSELL. But the Lords, who were led by Lord CAMPERDOWN to oppose the Government amendments to the Bill, have not Mr. RUSSELL's prescriptive right to be unintelligible; and, moreover, their position imposes a greater responsibility upon them than the member for South Tyrone incurs by reason of his. He can play the *frondeur* in the House of Commons without risk of serious mischief; but it is another matter when those members of the House of Lords whom the PRIME MINISTER rightly described as representing the "loyal minority" in that House allow their prejudices to overcome their Unionist obligations, and to lead them to record their votes against the Government on a question of this kind. As it happened, their opposition was unsuccessful, but it cannot be a pleasing recollection to them that they succeeded in bringing Ministers within eight votes of defeat.

This cannot, we say, be among their pleasing recollections, because it is hardly possible that their action can justify itself to them in retrospect by any look of paramount and irresistible duty. This we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The state of a politician's mind—and that politician calling himself a Liberal-Unionist—who has persuaded himself that the Corporation of the Irish capital ought still to be denied the right of collecting its own municipal rates must be so essentially an unnatural and artificial condition, that we cannot imagine it to be a permanent one. Surely these noble lords must see that the maintenance of the disability in question is impossible to justify on any principles which can logically stop short of the abolition of municipal institutions in Dublin altogether. It is quite monstrous to imagine that the municipality of a city of that importance, if it is to remain in existence, can be permanently deprived of a power which is enjoyed by every other municipality in the United Kingdom. One could understand a high-handed Government and Legislature declaring absolutely against the principle of local autonomy as applied to any town or city in Ireland, but to recognize local autonomy in Dublin, and then to insist that it shall not import the same privileges in that city that it imports at Little Pedlington, is a wantonly irritating absurdity. As to the suggestion that if the municipality acquires the power of collecting its own rates, the dominant political party in the Corporation will use their power for the purpose of disfranchising their adver-

saries, it is difficult to believe that such an apprehension could find serious voice in any assembly of intelligent men. We wonder where in the world is to be found a body of political partisans so extravagant, in both senses of the word, that they would rate themselves more heavily all round for the mere object of depriving their opponents of votes. Men are certainly not "built that way" in England; and, though party passions no doubt run higher to the west of St. George's Channel, we cannot believe that they are so constructed in Ireland either. And, if they use the argument founded upon their anticipated misbehaviour, it would prove too much. A municipality that could so act would justly provoke MACDUFF's reply to MALCOLM, "Not fit to govern; no, not fit to live." The case of the Corporation of Dublin would not, on that hypothesis, be adequately met by forbidding it to collect its rates. It would, like the Cork Board of Guardians, have forfeited the right to exist.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT is significant of the change which has taken place in the popular view of the House of Commons that no sensible man nowadays thinks of complaining that the Indian Budget is not introduced earlier in the Session. If the complaint ever finds expression at all, it now proceeds merely from the lips of the stick-at-nothing partisan, and only from his, of course, when he happens to be of the Outs. There has been, for instance, a feeble echo of the old protest in the columns of the London Gladstonian organ which observed that "the UNDER-SECRETARY for INDIA was at last enabled to make his financial explanations to a small percentage of the few members 'who remain in town'; and added that "we need not waste words in expatiating upon the extreme 'and most impolitic unwisdom' (does not 'impolitic,' by-the-by, sound a little like a wasted word in this connexion?) 'of thus slighting the Indian people and 'ignoring their interests.' No; there is, indeed, no need to do this, and we for our own part shall certainly abstain from it. It is a little hazardous to dogmatize upon what will or will not affect 'the Indian people'—a name of some complexity—and how this or that line of conduct will affect them. But we think it would be tolerably safe to say this, both of the contentment of the vast contented majority in India, and of the discontent of the infinitesimal discontented minority, that the one feeling will no more be disturbed by the absence, or the only less blessed silence, of Mr. CONYBEARE, and Mr. PICTON, and Professor STUART, and their like, during last Thursday's debate, than the other feeling would have been conciliated by their presence and their speech. So much for the "Indian people" of either of the two varieties mentioned; while as for the English public, we repeat what we said at the outset, they regard the thinness of the House to which the Indian Budget is now habitually submitted with a feeling in general of indifference, and, among the more thoughtful of them, with positive complacency. Sir JOHN GORST's financial statement the other night was adversely criticized by Mr. BRADLAUGH, who no doubt has established a prescriptive right to be heard on the subject, but whose criticism was very effectively dealt with by Sir RICHARD TEMPLE; and though it was no doubt inevitable that Mr. MACNEILL and Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY should make their voices heard in tones of dissent and dissatisfaction, they occupied no inordinate amount of time. To our thinking it was a model debate, and so far from feeling that any apologies are due to our Indian fellow-subjects for its brevity, we are of opinion that we owe them the tribute of our congratulations on being able to get their business done in the Imperial Parliament with a businesslike despatch which excites our liveliest envy when compared with our legislative conduct of our own affairs.

In especial we may congratulate them on the fact that, there being very little requiring to be said about their Budget for the year, so wide was the departure from English precedent in like cases that comparatively little was said about it, in fact. On the face of things it is a fairly satisfactory one; but, also on the face of things, the satisfaction which it arouses is a sentiment of no very deeply-rooted kind. The surplus announced on Thursday night amounts to no less than 2,677,500 rupees, which, although considerably in excess of estimate as it stands, would have



been yet larger if the Indian Government had not postponed a contribution due from the local Governments, and appropriated a large sum to the reduction of the famine fund. So far so good; but, when we come to look at the origin of this surplus, the impression it produces is less agreeable. General revenue, as budgeted for the year 1890-91, does not maintain the improvement of the previous year; and the surplus above stated depends entirely upon the rise in value of the rupee, which is, of course, due to causes over which the Indian Government has no control. Sir JOHN GONST, indeed, was obliged to admit that, but for the important rise in the exchange, he would have had to exhibit a deficit. So that the Budget for the present year has been saved not on its own merits, so to speak, and reflects a state of financial matters in India which, though satisfactory for the moment, may, too possibly, not be lasting.

#### THE SESSION.

PARLIAMENT met on Tuesday, the 11th of February. The Queen's Speech laid before it a scheme of work which might have employed a well-managed and well-intentioned assembly during a Session of normal length. The usual formal reference to the friendly character of Her Majesty's relations with foreign Powers was varied on this occasion by a guarded mention of the decisive measures which it had lately been found necessary to take, in order to put a stop to the exasperating activity of the Portuguese in South-Eastern Africa. The names of the Bills which the Houses were asked to consider and pass are by themselves a history in little of the futility of the Session. The list included an Irish Land Purchase Bill, a Tithes Bill, a Savings Bank Bill, Bills to provide barracks, to amend the method of conducting Scotch business, to remove the miseries of Scotch crofters. Some of these were introduced in fulfilment of promises, or as the result of former policy. Very few of them were destined to see the end of the Session, which has been mainly occupied with a measure not mentioned in the Queen's Speech, or foreseen when the Houses met. With few exceptions they disappeared, or again stand over to yet another Session, which is to fulfil the promises not kept in this.

The House of Lords made, as usual, good speed to clear away the debate on the Address which used to be the regulation salute before beginning business. The House of Commons, as has been usual with it now during no small part of a generation, began by what is known, avowed, and tolerated as a pure waste of time. It was more than a month before the Lower House reached what can, by any stretch of courtesy, be called the despatch of business. Some things were discussed which ought never to have been mentioned, others which were of a more legitimate character were discussed at inordinate length. Under the head of purely obtrusive and dilatory talk must be put the complaint of breach of privilege with which Sir W. Harcourt, speaking for his friends of to-day and his dreaded and scolded enemies of yesterday, stopped work on the very threshold. The excuse was the publication by the *Times* of the notorious Pigott letters. Attention to this complaint was refused on the ground that the Irish members had delayed to make it until too late, and also until many other transactions had occurred which materially modified the original position. Mr. Labouchere's motion, which was designed to fix the guilt of conspiracy to defeat the course of justice in connexion with the notorious Cleveland Street scandals on the Prime Minister, may be mentioned here, out of its place in order of time, but in not inappropriate company. The violence of Mr. Labouchere's language succeeded in producing the scandal which could be the only object of such a motion. Between the Breach of Privilege debate and Mr. Labouchere's equally acceptable assertions that he was credulous enough to believe the scum of the earth, and so unmannerly as not to believe the Marquess of Salisbury, came the debate on the Address. Of this it is only necessary to say that two weeks of frothy talk are better than three. In the course of it Mr. Morley made a curious display of the morality of the Freethinker who is allied with the political Dissenter, by substantially confessing that he would tolerate any kind of denominational teaching, if only he could be sure that the Church of England would not be allowed to teach. After a month, all but a few days, spent in this fashion, the House reached something which it had good call to discuss.

The Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the charges brought against the Irish members was published early in March. As the judges had only confirmed Mr. Gladstone's well-known statements concerning the relations of the Irish patriot party to treason and the Land League to crime, the Separatist party thought fit to declare Irish members acquitted of serious charges. This confidence abated during the next few weeks as the real meaning of the Report was gradually better understood. In the meantime there had been eight nights of talk in the Houses, of which one part, the smaller, was discussion, and another, the larger, was either repetition or declamation. On the 9th March Mr. Smith moved that the House should accept the Report, thank the judges, and proceed to business. Mr. Gladstone replied with an amendment to the effect that the House should

not thank the judges, should condole with the Irish members, because they had been accused as he had accused them, and should congratulate them on their acquittal from charges very consistent with the known truth, and not more severe, though more precise, than his own. The debates on this issue lasted till the 16th of March, when the Government carried its point by a majority of 71. Several nights were occupied by the lawyers with cruelly dull repetitions of arguments, assertions of their own amazing ability and integrity, or legerdemain with quibbles. The rest was the sophistry of Mr. Gladstone, the mouthing of Sir W. Harcourt, the calculated heat of Mr. Parnell, the usual incontinent Irish eloquence; and on the part of the Government argument which was a little too apologetic in tone, till Mr. Balfour on the last night took the offensive in one of the most effective speeches he has ever delivered. These eight days had a curious epilogue, in the form of a motion which Mr. Jennings did not make because Lord Randolph Churchill—who, by the way, is still spoken of as a possible member of the Ministry—seized on it as an excuse for one of his erratic attacks on his former colleagues. The motion was finally made by Mr. Caine, whose candidature at Barrow under farcical circumstances Lord R. Churchill was, not in vain, to do his best to spoil a few weeks later.

The House had now run through six weeks of its time, and had hardly yet got to business. At last, well after March had begun, it reached the Estimates. The Spending Departments had nothing to propose on the same scale as the great Naval Defence scheme of last year. Mr. Stanhope had to carry a Barrack Bill—a measure which, over and above its practical value, may serve to remind us that we have not even yet quite ceased to consider the army as a disagreeable but temporary burden. The habit of treating the defences of the country as something not to be too seriously taken, which is bred in the bone of our War Office, led Mr. Stanhope into bringing on the Ministry a check of the least creditable kind. He pattered over accepting a suggestion from General Hamley that the Volunteers should be supplied with a grant towards meeting the expense of the equipment with which they are required to provide themselves. The House voted against him, to the delight of the Opposition, which crowed over the defeat of the Ministry, and the disgust of his party at the management which incurred a deserved and damaging snub. The Volunteers have received a modest grant in aid out of a fund provided by Mr. Goschen—one of the very few good things which the Chancellor of the Exchequer's bag has produced this year. Naval and military matters have not had a great share in that part of the Session which is likely to be remembered. There has, as always, been abundant straggling talk on the Estimates; there was towards the close of the Session one debate of a most inconclusive kind on the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission, which recommended additions to our endless tinkering of "the system"; there was still later some very superfluous discussion on the insubordination in the Grenadier Guards; but there was little or nothing said or done, except as regards the Volunteers, which can have any effect in future.

On the 24th March Mr. Balfour introduced his Irish Land Purchase Bill. This measure is doubtless destined to hold an important place in the coming Session. In the present, however, it has only been one of the many things begun and not carried further. Stated without the details which will be in their place when the Bill is seriously taken in hand, it may be fairly described as providing for a much extended application of the Ashbourne Act in three-fourths of Ireland under the direction of a central Court to be formed out of the existing Land Commissions, and for the creation of a special Court, empowered to dip into the remaining plunder of the Irish Church, which is to deal with the congested districts of the West. This is necessarily a very jejune account of a project which abounds in detail and in artificially-arranged safeguards designed to protect the lender, who is the State, against the borrowers, who are its Irish subjects. But, though the Bill was read a second time in May by a majority of seventy, and occupied a certain number of nights in Committee, it remains a project, and nothing more. What it has contributed to the history of this Session has been mainly loud assertions from the smaller Irish members that they will repudiate, if ever they can, and two remarkable displays from Mr. Parnell. On the second reading of the Bill he made a wandering speech which puzzled his opponents and struck his followers as dumb as they are capable of becoming, and then ended by moving the second reading, of nobody knows what, to an amazed House not accustomed to exhibitions of silliness or small jocularities from the Irish leader. Later on, in Committee, Mr. Parnell was "moderate," with that moderation which seems chiefly to appear when his followers are to be confused into quiet.

The Tithes Bill ran much the same course as the Land Purchase Bill. It was a measure designed to put the incidence of the tithe directly, as it at present is ultimately, on the landlord. It was introduced in order to fulfil the promise made when the tardy measure of last Session was withdrawn. It, too, was swept away in the confusion which came upon the House between Easter and Whitsuntide.

The remainder of the Session, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, is a history of Obstruction, of failure from one cause or another to deal with Obstruction now, and of schemes to suppress Obstruction in future. The little result of all changes in the Rules of the House which have been made in late years to restore to the Commons "the command over their time" has not apparently disheartened any politician except Mr. Balfour, who

has a tendency to go to the root of the matter. There is still a general hope that some mechanical device may be found which will automatically compel the Opposition to behave with moderation. This Session has shown for its part that the most formidable-looking machinery (no one- or two-handed engine could well look more terrific than the Closure) is of no avail unless there is the spirit and determination to use it with effect. Whether because the majority does not sufficiently believe in itself, or because the officers of the House, the Speaker, and the Chairman of Committees do not sufficiently believe in the majority, it is certain that the resources of coercion have been used to very little purpose. The talk of the Opposition has been as long-winded, as full of repetitions, and as openly obstructive as ever. The forms of Parliamentary business have been used and abused. Night after night has been wasted. When at last the Chairman or Speaker has decided against the Obstructives, it has very commonly been too late to go on with this or the other Bill. At the very end, after bitter outcries on the Ministerial side, after the existence of Obstruction has been recognized in the House and out of it as an evil to be denounced and a nuisance to be abated, a mere handful of members, the most conspicuous of them being Sir George Campbell, have contrived to prolong the Session for about ten days, if not more, by pertinacious and thick-skinned application to droning chatter. It is becoming or beginning to become very clear that we must either accept Obstruction as the compensation provided by nature to check the modern mania for legislation, or make up our minds that the members who endeavour to stop business are a species of rowdies who must be knocked down to keep them quiet. When a gentleman asserts, as Sir George Campbell did, that he is a "gorilla" (he meant guerrilla, and should have meant *guerrillero*), he ought to have been made to understand that he must accept the position of that irregular fighter who, by all the rules of regular war, is liable to be shot whenever he is caught by the disciplined force on whose flanks he hangs. The House has power to do the shooting; but it will not shoot. It will not go further than providing itself with a gun.

The history of partisan warfare is notoriously difficult to tell. It cannot be given in detail. There is, however, one fact of a very patent character which cannot be ignored, and should least of all be denied or extenuated on the Unionist side. It is that the Ministry at the most critical moment of the Session posted its flank "in the air," and open to the attacks of what the member for Kirkcaldy calls the gorillas. Mr. Goschen's Budget was presented on the 15th of April, immediately on the meeting of the Houses after the Easter holidays. It contained what was soon to be discovered to be the cause of the wreck of the Session. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had to dispose of a surplus of 3,549,000*l.* This sum, the difference between a revenue of 90,406,000*l.* and an expenditure of 86,857,000*l.*, he gave away in modest slices. The duties on plate were given up, twopence in the pound was taken off the tea-duty, and the duty on currants was reduced from 7*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt. For this last we receive an equivalent in the shape of a reduction of Greek duties on English manufactures. The other two reductions, though orthodox enough, according to the most popular modern principles, were not received with much gratitude. Neither has any one been shown to be particularly thankful for the further reduction in the House-duty and transfer of the lately imposed Beer-duty to the County Council, which, between them, disposed of as much of the remainder of the surplus as the Chancellor of the Exchequer could safely part with. Whatever thankfulness was felt for these various reductions of taxes, which nobody really feels as a burden, was swept away immediately by the several kinds of annoyance aroused by the Supplementary Budget which Mr. Goschen introduced, with the best intentions, no doubt, but with the effect mainly of showing what a dangerous thing a politician's conscience may be when he allows it to work uncontrolled by common sense.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had noted that the greater part of the surplus which he had been blessed with had been provided by a sudden increase in the consumption of spirits, particularly of rum. It seemed to Mr. Goschen to be his duty as a moral man—so he said himself—to do something which would make it as difficult as possible for any future Chancellor of the Exchequer to find such a surplus again. He, therefore, drew up a scheme by which the trade in spirits was to be diminished. By the terms of a Bill called the Local Taxation Bill the beer duty was to be transferred to the County Councils. The proceeds of this tax were to be reinforced by a sixpenny duty on each gallon of imported or native spirits. Beer and spirits together, it was calculated, would produce 1,304,000*l.* Of this sum 80 per cent. (1,043,200*l.*) was to go to English County Councils, 11 per cent. (143,000*l.*) to Scotch, and 9 per cent. (117,360*l.*) to Irish local authorities. The total was to be disposed of in pensions to the police, on the general purposes of the County Councils, and for the promotion of morality in the extinction of licences. To this last clause is to be attributed, more than to any single other cause, the ruin of the legislative work of the Session. It would certainly not have had that effect if the Opposition had not availed themselves of it with fanatical ardour or unscrupulous dishonesty. But the most fanatical Opposition must have opportunities, and this was just such a one as the Opposition which Mr. Goschen has had in front of him for some years might have been trusted implicitly to make the most of. The struggle which arose over the licensing clauses thrust

everything aside, stopping all other work directly by taking up the time which would have only just sufficed to carry the measures named in the Queen's Speech, and indirectly by encouraging opposition, and by damping the spirit of the supporters of the Ministry.

The Local Taxation Bill—or, as it was much more generally called, the Compensation Bill—was no sooner understood before the so-called Temperance party began the agitation which has decided the character of the Session. They saw, or professed to see, in the licensing clauses an attempt to endow the publicans; by which they must be understood to mean a recognition of the principle that the property of well-conducted tradesmen must not be confiscated whenever a majority in Parliament proposes to limit their trade for public purposes. By the mouth of Sir Wilfrid Lawson they announced their intention of offering an uncompromising opposition to the Bill; and they kept their word. The interval between Easter and Whitsuntide was almost wholly occupied by obstruction to the measure. Serious debating on the Bill began on the 11th of May, and on the 15th the Ministry were supported by a majority of 73 in a full House on the principle of the Bill. Mr. Cairne had moved an amendment, by which Parliament was asked to pronounce against compensation to publicans. In former times this would have been held to settle the question; but old rules no longer apply. Mr. H. Fowler came forward with an amendment which was only Mr. Cairne's in another form. He wished to limit the duration of the Spirit-tax to a year, which would have, of course, brought on the whole debate again at the end of twelve months. On this issue all the arguments were gone over again. The futility of the Closure when it is most wanted was amply shown during these days. Mr. Courtney refused to apply it at the request of Mr. Smith. The refusal was certainly understood to mean that on this question the majority of the House did not enjoy the support of the Chairman of Committees. Although there was not much actual desertion of the Ministry, it was not unknown that the Liberal-Unionists were not heartily favourable to the compensation clause; and it was certainly no secret that many of the Conservative members were far from pleased with a Bill which would infallibly compel them to come into open collision with the Temperance party in their constituencies. The knowledge that the supporters of the Ministry were languid, or even sulky in many cases, and that the authority of the Chair would not be vigorously used against them, could not fail to have an encouraging effect on the Opposition. We do not say on the obstructive part of it, because the whole Opposition was obstructive on this question. Mr. Gladstone opposed compensation, which he had once declared should be given as a matter of principle, as audaciously as he later on denounced the Ministry for trafficking with the Pope, because they openly sent Sir Lintorn Simmons to do what he himself had directed Sir George Errington to do clandestinely. In such an atmosphere it was only natural that Obstruction should flourish. It was present, whatever the House discussed. Supply was delayed, and, as a matter of course, the sorrows of Ireland and of Irish patriots filled night after night, being as much in place as dust during a high wind in dry weather. Just before the Whitsuntide holidays there was an abatement in the confusion. Mr. Smith, having announced that unless a certain amount of work was done first there would be no holiday—or much less than usual—the Opposition kept up their character as ill-behaved schoolboys. They settled for a night or two to their lessons. Sir William Harcourt, who had been the loudest in boasting that he would take care nothing should be done, was one of the first to obey when he saw a serious risk of punishment. Votes in Supply came rapidly after a little Irish tall-talk, and on Friday, 23rd May, the House went off for a second and a very ill-deserved holiday.

When the House met again on the 2nd of June it had become very clear that all hopes of carrying any part of the list of measures promised in the Queen's Speech had gone. The interesting question had come to be, not what important Bill could be carried, but what changes could be made in the method of conducting business in the House which would allow any Bills to be carried. For some time Ministers continued to talk of their intention to go on with their Bills. The Irish Land Purchase Bill was actually got into committee, and so was the Local Taxation Bill. Obstruction, which was mainly conducted by Mr. Morley, received a check on the 8th of June, when the Speaker ruled that instructions to Committee must not be made an excuse for reopening a second reading debate. It was the Tithe Bill on which Mr. Morley and his leader, Mr. Gladstone, practised this improvement on the Parliamentary methods of their Irish friends. But it was now nearly the middle of June, and Government had hardly got its measures well begun. It was manifestly too late to do more than carry a small part of their programme. Still, however, the Cabinet delayed an avowal of its intentions. A meeting of the party held at the Carlton on the 12th of June was understood to have shown no great willingness to accept a proposal by which the House was to be asked to adopt the practice, not uncommon in foreign and Colonial Assemblies, of allowing Bills to stand over from Session to Session. For practically a fortnight after the meeting the House went on striving with Obstruction, and making no real progress. Mr. Goschen, in the course of one of the spun-out debates on the Local Taxation Bill, proved to demonstration that Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt were acting and speaking in defiance of what they had once alleged to



be their principles. But victories of this kind—which Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt have made somewhat easy for their critics—do not promote the despatch of business. At last on the 23rd of June the surrender to Obstruction, which had long been seen to be inevitable, was made. The Ministry announced that they had decided to give up the Compensation Clauses of the Local Taxation Bill, reserving the money voted for the extinction of licences to be dealt with in another Session.

This, however, was only the beginning of a series of surrenders. Within twenty-four hours the Speaker, in answer to a question put by Mr. Healy, pointed out that holding over money in this fashion was, if not an unconstitutional, at least a very novel, practice. In face of this ruling, which the Ministry might have foreseen, there was nothing for it but to surrender again. After taking two days to think it over, the Cabinet decided to throw up the Compensation Clauses—leaving it to be decided later on what was to be done with the money. What was done with it was practically, after delay and confusion, to add it to the sum which was to be voted for the general purposes of the County Councils. Shorn of its Compensation Clauses, the Local Taxation Bill was carried, after infinite delay and obstruction, for the benefit of the County Councils and the Police. The metropolitan force secured a certain amount of illegitimate attention in Parliament in June. Just as the pensions of the force were about to be provided for, Mr. Monro, the Chief Commissioner, thought fit to resign, on the ground that the claims of his men had not been properly considered, and because he feared that a private secretary of Mr. Matthews would be promoted to an important post in the force. The resignation was followed by, and perhaps helped to produce, a small outbreak of disorder among the younger constables. Mr. Monro was, however, succeeded by Sir Edward Bradford, by whose good management the commotion was quieted down. Mr. Matthews was attacked in the House for his real or alleged share in causing the trouble; but, if he did not quite clear himself of blame, he did contrive to show that he could not be proved to have committed the mistakes attributed to him by Mr. Monro.

From the date of the withdrawal of the Compensation Clauses the one question of any real interest in the proceedings of the House was the old one—how its methods were to be so modified as to enable it to do any work at all. Early in the Session Sir George Trevelyan had contrived to secure time for a discussion on a suggestion that the House should rise in July, meeting earlier than has been usual in this century, in order that its laborious members might enjoy that freedom in the pleasant summer weather which the rest of the community would like to share with them. After Whitsuntide Her Majesty's Ministers showed that they, too, thought some change was needed. In spite of the cool reception given to the proposal at the already mentioned meeting of the majority, they decided to ask Parliament whether or not it would agree to a scheme for passing Bills on from Session to Session. The question was referred to a Committee on a very distinct promise from Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt that if it was examined in this way they would discuss it fairly. The nomination of the members of the Committee on the 27th of June was made the occasion for a violent demonstration against Mr. T. W. Russell, who adds to the sin of being an Irish Unionist the worse sin of being a most effective exposé of Irish Separatist fictions. He was named, and the Committee met, but no sooner had it met than it became apparent that the minority had no intention to discuss at all. They carried to it the spirit and the method of Obstruction. Majority and minority soon separated, each publishing its separate Report. The substance of the Report is of no present interest, as the Cabinet soon decided that this also must be given up. On Thursday, the 12th of July, Mr. Smith announced that Ministers had finally resolved to do what was now the only thing they could do—namely, to withdraw all their Bills, to finish business as soon as they could, and bring Parliament back to a fresh start on work in November.

From that moment until now there has been one steady dead lift to force Supply, and a few small Bills which will be useful as proofs that the Session was not completely useless after all, through in face of persistent Obstruction. No account of such a struggle can be given except at immense length, and then only by dint of incessant repetitions. Sir George Campbell prosed and Mr. T. Healy howled abuse; Mr. T. Healy howled abuse, and Sir George Campbell prosed. There were those who imitated Sir George—mostly Scotchmen—and those who imitated Mr. T. Healy. Much was said, in the midst of entire indifference outside, about the pensions to the Scotch police, and about whatever could be made an excuse for talk. In such an element no work could be done beyond the voting of Supply. Even so humble a measure as the Savings Bank Bill had to be dropped. The House staggered on like a waterless caravan struggling towards a well, the voice of Sir George Campbell being heard to the last—gabble, gabble, gabbling. Supply was finally got done with last Wednesday.

The common features of every Session were not wanting. The Deceased Wife's Sister and the Channel Tunnel appeared and disappeared. Liquor Bills and measures to put grown-up people into various kinds of go-carts were heard of. The regulation rejection of Scotch Disestablishment was distinguished among these occasions by Mr. Gladstone's final appearance as a Liberator—a revelation which seems not unlikely to have considerable effect in Scotland. Private legislation has been more than commonly scanty, the only remarkable measures of the kind

being a Bill to remove the bars on the Bedford estate, into which the House of Lords introduced a Compensation Clause, in spite of warning that they would excite the anger of the County Council; and a Directors' Liability Bill, which was to make the trade of guinea-pig too dangerous. This last the Lords—chiefly the Law Lords—altered completely, on the ground that it would make the trade of honest director more dangerous than it ought to be.

Colonial and Foreign affairs, though there has been much done in connexion with both of considerable national importance, have not been conspicuous in Parliament. Questions have been asked—we can hardly add have been answered—about the endless Newfoundland dispute; which remains, and is likely to remain, as it was. A Bill has been passed to confer self-government on a very small community occupying a very vast territory in Western Australia. The most important of what can be called foreign affairs which has been discussed has been the Bill for the cession of Heligoland to Germany as part of a general arrangement of our relations with that Power in Eastern Africa. The measure was soberly discussed in the Lords. In the Commons it was the excuse for explosions on the part of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone. The first thought it a wicked scheme to increase the power of the peers, and the second saw in it an attack on the prerogative of the Crown. The fact that he had asked Parliament to confirm a cession of territory on the Gambia was held by Mr. Gladstone not to be a precedent—on the general rule that *duo si faciunt idem non est idem*, when one of the two is himself and the other a Conservative Prime Minister. In the same way did he prove the vast difference between sending Sir George Errington to Rome officiously, and sending Sir Lintorn Simmons officially. An arrangement with the French as to our relative positions in Zanzibar, Madagascar, and on the Gambia, which arose out of the Convention with Germany, was the subject of obstruction in the House of Commons, when no sign of life except obstruction remained.

To-day there is reasonable hope that a very early day in next week will see the end of a Session which has been singularly barren except in examples of what management, and what conduct, should be avoided by Ministers and by Opposition.

#### RILLO.

A THOUSAND years ago a boy of fourteen left his native village of Skrinio and set out in search of a convenient place wherein to practise the strict asceticism necessary for the salvation of the elect. After wandering over many a mountain, forest, and plain, he discovered a hollow tree on the slopes of Mount Rilo, and later on a hollow rock, where he established himself like a coney. Gradually the fame of the hermit spread abroad, and emulous disciples joined him, till they formed a little colony, and began building huts for themselves and a rude chapel for their worship. The youth was Sveti Jovan Rilaki, and the chapel was the predecessor of the great monastery of Rilo, which occupies the same position in Bulgaria as Mont St. Michel in Normandy or La Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiné.

The Rila range rises almost in the centre of the Balkan peninsula, halfway between the Danube and the Ægean. It is shaped like a monster pyramid of nature, measuring from east to west fifty kilometres, and thirty from north to south. The northern face is abrupt and steep, and clothed with glorious virgin forests, where the sound of the axe will never be heard, for transport is impossible. Eastwards the Rila joins the Rhodope, and to the south the Perin Planina. Its topmost peak is 2,930 metres above the sea, only a few feet lower than Olympus. The fauna and flora and the geological formation remind one of the Carpathians; and, like them, the Rila is dotted with small lakes, which the peasants call "eyes of the sea." The forests reach up six thousand feet, and, above them, bare crags are the home of the chamois. The monastery lies high on the mountain slope, and in the gorge below flows the Rilska Réka, a delicious crystal stream, whose trout furnish the staple food of the monks, and whose icy water is sweeter than wine. It has the appearance, from the outside, of a baronial fortress, with crenellated walls and loopholes, and massive iron gates, which are closed half an hour after sunset, to open only at next dawn. The moment the threshold is crossed, however, one is face to face with the Church of Our Lady, almost a counterpart of that of the Monastery of Khilandâr at Mount Athos, with a red and white stone façade and six silvered cupolas. It stands in the centre of an immense court, round which is built the monastery proper, three stories high. Seventy-six massive stone pillars support the balconies of the guest chambers and also of the monks, three hundred in number. Some of these rooms are very spacious and fairly well furnished with carpets, divans, and cushions. A niche contains water and a basin and ewer, and wardrobes, à la Turque, are let into the walls. Each of the larger rooms could easily accommodate half a dozen persons, and it would not be difficult to billet a whole regiment in the vast building. The walls of the church are entirely covered with frescoes representing various Bible scenes—the Day of Judgment, Lazarus and Dives, and the punishments reserved for each particular kind of sin. These, as well as the interior paintings, are solely the work of Macedonian and Bulgarian artists, whose special forte is the delineation of devils. The variety of form and expression to

be found in these mural decorations is delightful, and the face of the principal fiend, in one of these frescoes, when a soul escapes him, is a perfect study in demonology. This particular painting is curious in the extreme. In the centre is a huge pair of scales, before which stands, with folded hands, the soul. On one side is the heavenly host armed with long eel-spears, and on the other the devils. The sins resemble rolls of tobacco, and are piled on to the balance by an assiduous horned demon. The scale, however, refuses to turn, and the soul is saved, several angels keeping off devils laden with sins at the point of the pitchfork. Inside there is not a square inch uncovered with decoration, and the Iconostasis is a blaze of gold, enamel, and precious stones. To the right lies the body of St. Jovan, which is reverently uncovered before visitors. It is enveloped in rich broideries and silver plates, only a mummied hand showing for the kiss of the faithful, and at the feet is placed a dish to receive their offerings. In a vault at the south-west corner of the cloisters is the library and chamber of relics. Neither of these, however, comes up to expectations, the library being especially poor. The most interesting document by far is the Firman given by the last king of the Bulgars, "*the faithful servant of God, Jovan Shishman, King and Autocrat of all the Bulgars and Greeks.*" It is nearly two yards long, written on parchment in Bulgarian, and signed with a large gold seal the size of a crown piece. It is dated 1379, and confirms all donations made by his predecessors, with a minute description of the properties and rights of the monastery. There are one or two fine old manuscript Bibles in Cyrillic characters, massively bound in heavy silver covers of excellent workmanship, with the names of the artists and inscriptions inserted in the general design. One of these states that it was completed "in the year 7033 of the Creation," and by a rapid calculation the Abbot interprets this to make it three hundred and sixty-five years old. The key to this chronology is in fixing the birth of Christ at 5508 of the Creation, and it appears to be generally used in Slovene manuscripts. Another Bible bears on one cover the following:—"*Remember in your holy prayers brother Mathia, the goldsmith of Sofia, who laboured to carve this Gospel together with the monk Euthymia, and helped by the first monk Kallista in the year 1577.*" There are crucifixes of every imaginable shape and material, and as a reliquary an embossed silver casket with the bones of seven saints. In the Abbot's room is the crucifix presented by Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a very beautiful specimen of Russian handicraft, set round with large amethysts; and a larger one, given last year by Prince Ferdinand. The Abbot, or Hegumen, is a jovial gentleman of forty-five, who looks ten years younger, and does the honours of coffee, cigarettes, and *raki*, with genial good humour. He is appointed by ballot for three years, and Father Joseph is likely to have a second tenure of office, so popular has he made himself. There are two visitors' books—one for simple inscription, and the other for noting the donations made by the parting guests. Owing to stories spread of brigandage, only one party has been to Rilo since last summer, but, as a matter of fact, there is very little to fear. In August, the great festival of St. Jovan is held, and pilgrims flock from every corner of the peninsula to the monastery in their thousands. This temporary excitement, however, only lasts a few days, and the Rilo soon returns to its normal state of isolated tranquillity. The hospitality of the monastery is of a primitive kind, and the fare provided somewhat monotonous, so that it is as well to take provisions both of meat and wine. The monks are not supposed to touch meat within the walls, nor outside them on Wednesdays and Fridays. On these fast-days nothing prepared with milk or butter even is allowed, and trout, with lentil soup and bread, forms the perpetual menu. The kitchen is a dark and cavernous den, and the fire is made by lighting the trunk of a fir-tree, which burns up fiercely under the pots, and is pushed forward by degrees as it consumes away. Most of the brethren cook for themselves, but two *chefs* are on duty for serving travellers, assisted by a few small boys to wait. Altogether there are thirty children at school, with three teachers. They are obliged in every way to conform to the usual monastic discipline, and to attend all the chapel services. The daily service in the large church takes place at two in the morning, and the monks are roused from their slumbers by the sound of a wooden gong—a plank suspended by two cords—which rings weirdly through the night. Close to the church rises an old dilapidated tower, on to which a belfry has been built about halfway up. The tower has the following inscription:—"*Under the rule of the all-powerful Prince Stefan Dushan Chrylé built the Tower with much labour to the glory of St. Jovan and the Holy Virgin. 1335.*" The belfry is dated 1844, and was a gift of the Servian Prince Milosh. Throughout the monastery the national stamp is everywhere evident in contradistinction to the Greek spirit which pervades so many of these establishments. Rilo is essentially Bulgarian, and a fitting monument of the tenacity of the race.

There are two roads to Rilo, or rather one road and one track. It stands some three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, and is eight hours by carriage from Dubnitsa, and about the same distance on horseback and on foot from Samakow. The situation is magnificent, surrounded on all sides by dense forests of pine and beech, with mountain streamlets in every direction, tearing down in white cascades to the plains. The rivers Iskar, Maritza, and Metsa, all take their sources in the Rila, the former traversing the Balkans to meet the Danube, and the two latter falling into the Archipelago. The physical enjoyment and benefit of a week in the keen invigorating

air will stiffen and brace the limpest pilgrim from the torrid plateau of Sofia. He soon gets accustomed to the simple life of the monks, to rise with the sun, and to sleep in the hours of darkness. And when he leaves, it will be with genuine regret that he throws a last look at the irate devils, shakes hands with jolly Father Joseph, and distributes his remaining small coins amongst the hewers of wood, drawers of water, and fishers of trout. But at the west gate the carriage is waiting for Dubnitsa with four horses abreast, tossing their shaggy manes to the jingle of the bells, or at the east portal the cat-like pony is thoughtfully turning his nose towards Samakow, mindful of the steep and slippery climb before him, and fully alive to his responsibilities. Whichever route the traveller takes he is followed with a chorus of "*Shogoms*," and hopes of a speedy return, and it will probably be no fault of his if his visit to Rilo is not repeated.

#### THE INDIAN UNCOVENANTED CIVIL SERVICE.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons which has been inquiring into the grievances of the members of the Indian Uncovenanted Civil Service have, it is understood, made certain recommendations, which will meet with the approval of sensible and impartial men. Whether one agrees with a particular conclusion or not it is impossible not to feel that the conclusion has been reached by men who have striven to form an impartial opinion. The Select Committee had a difficult and delicate task to perform, and they have performed it with tact and skill. They wisely did not allow themselves to be buried under a mass of details. But, having heard a certain number of witnesses, they quickly made up their minds with regard to the many points at issue, and drew up their Report. The Government are to be congratulated on the wisdom they displayed in referring an Indian matter of a purely executive nature to a Select Committee, instead of having it discussed every year in the House by pragmatists and philanthropists. All that now remains to be done is for the Secretary of State and the Government of India to give effect, as far as possible, to the main recommendations of the Select Committee. Both the Secretary of State and the Government of India have allowed the justice of the claims of the Uncovenanted Service; but the difficulty was how a Government suffering from a depleted exchequer could satisfy them. The rise in the value of the rupee has brought unexpected prosperity to the Indian Government, and a part of their new wealth might well be employed in remedying the hardship and injustice which have produced discontent amongst a large body of useful public servants. The agitation regarding the claims of the Uncovenanted Service has been conducted in a constitutional manner; but it is not conducive to the sound administration of the Indian Empire that there should be any irritation or discontent amongst its European public servants.

To understand the cause of the discontent it is necessary to briefly refer to the history of the origin of the Uncovenanted Service. In the early days of our rule the administration of the land was entirely conducted by members of the Covenanted Civil Service. To assist them in the clerical work of government a large number of clerks, chiefly Eurasians and natives, had to be appointed, and they were roughly classed as belonging to the Uncovenanted Service. In course of time, however, as civilization advanced and the art of government grew more complex, certain departments grew up which had to be manned by experts from home. For the railways Civil Engineers had to be imported; for the Forest and Telegraph Departments men of scientific training, and for the Education Department men who had taken high honours at the Universities. When these men landed it was only natural that they should feel disappointed at the great difference between their own emoluments and those paid to their more fortunate brethren in the Covenanted Service. But it is indiscreet for Uncovenanted men to be perpetually drawing attention to the superior emoluments of the Covenanted men. It only causes the heathen to rage and imagine vain things. A Covenanted Civilian was shrewd enough to take his brains to a good market, and he has his reward. The case of pensions is, however, very different to salaries. It is right that men who hold offices of great responsibility, like those of collectors and judges, should be paid high salaries; but there is no reason why a man who goes into the Indian Civil Service should be better treated as to furlough and pension than any other European servant of Government who holds a responsible office, because furlough is given to recruit a man's energies and to make him a more efficient officer, and pension is pay deferred in order that a man may not at the end of his service be a burden to the State. The orders issued by the Court of Directors regarding pensions, which have lately been reprinted in an able pamphlet issued by certain representative members of the Uncovenanted Service, clearly show that with regard to pensions the Company intended there should be no distinction between the Covenanted Service and the European Uncovenanted officers holding the higher appointments of the State. The annuity of a Covenanted officer was fixed at Rs. 10,000 payable in India and 1,000l. payable in London. Towards this pension the members of the Service, by means of subscriptions to their fund, contributed one half, and the Government paid the remaining 500l. Uncovenanted officers were granted after thirty-five years' service without, and thirty years with, medical certificates



a pension equivalent to one-half of the average salary obtained during the last five years of service. It was, however, pointed out to the authorities that by this arrangement Uncovenanted officers could obtain larger pensions than Covenanted men, and measures were taken to limit the pensions to the same sum of 500*l*. The 5,000 Rs. annuity of the Covenanted officer was payable in England at the rate of 2*s*.; the 5,000 Rs. annuity of the Uncovenanted officer was first payable in India, but subsequently, at option, in England, at the official rate. When the standard of exchange was fixed at 2*s*. in the case of the Covenanted pensions there was no official rate of exchange; but when Sir Charles Wood allowed Uncovenanted pensions to be paid in England there was an official rate, and it had been for thirty years 2*s*. It is fair to presume that it was meant that the two pensions should be identical in amount; that 2*s*. and the official rate, as applied respectively to the annuities of the Covenanted Service and to the pensions of the European Uncovenanted officers, meant one and the same thing; that 2*s*. was the official rate, and the official rate was 2*s*. The Covenanted officers were fortunate enough to have their standard of exchange confirmed by an Act of Parliament, but the Uncovenanted Service have had their pensions reduced from 500*l*. to 333*l*. by the interpretation of the Finance Department that official rate means the current rate of the year. But past orders show that this was never intended. The Select Committee have therefore rightly come to the conclusion that the Uncovenanted officers have, owing to the fall in the value of the rupee, an equitable claim for the readjustment of the rates at which pensions are paid, and that it is advisable to fix a minimum rate for the payment of pensions, and that the minimum rate should be 1*s*. 9*d*. No maximum is fixed. The proposal is a compromise, but it is a compromise which the Uncovenanted officers would be wise to accept. It must be borne in mind that in dealing with this matter the Secretary of State and the Governors of India have to consider the Indian taxpayer. It must also be remembered that the Select Committee has decided that the Uncovenanted officers have only an equitable claim. Legal claim they have none.

The Select Committee has also decided that evidence has been laid before them showing the present furlough rules to be inadequate. A Covenanted Civilian gets a year's furlough after the first eight years' service, and subsequently a year for every three years' service. Many European Uncovenanted officers only get two years' furlough after eighteen years' service. But if it be necessary to secure efficient service that a civilian should recruit his health in Europe after eight years' service, it is difficult to understand why another European officer should have to wait more than double the time. We presume that the constitutions of the Covenanted Civilian and the European Uncovenanted officers are pretty similar, and their respective powers of withstanding the climate pretty equal. The truth is that the Uncovenanted Service rules were drawn up chiefly for native officials, and they should no longer be applicable to Europeans. Few persons who are acquainted with India and conversant with the native mode of life will agree with the recommendation of the Select Committee that, as regard the pension and furlough rules, no distinction should be made between Europeans and natives. A native gentleman, who chiefly lives on vegetables, whose furniture is scanty, and whose children are educated by the State at a cost of 10*l*. a year, is a rich man when he retires on a pension of Rs. 5,000. But the same epithet is hardly applicable to the English official who retires to London on a pension of 400*l*. With regard to leave rules, it is somewhat obvious that a man who has to make a long journey to reach his home has more claim to extended leave than a gentleman who is at home. No one ever proposed to give an English official at home two years' furlough to spend in the country. It sounds liberal and generous to say that Europeans and natives should be treated alike; but equal pay and equal pension really means higher remuneration for the native gentleman. Most men are convinced that, both on political and financial grounds, native agency must be extended; but we are only laying the seeds of future embarrassments and race jealousy in not boldly announcing the fact that the European and native agency must necessarily be distinct. If natives are to have the same pay, the same leave and furlough rules, as Europeans, the economic argument ceases to have much force.

#### THE FARNE ISLANDS.

THE Farnes, or Fearnies, are a group of very small islands—one or two of them, indeed, being little more than rocks which are nearly covered at high water—lying off the north coast of Northumberland, about half-way between Bamburgh and the little fishing village of North Sunderland, and separated from the mainland by a channel about two miles wide. They are, perhaps, most generally known as the scene of the rescue of nine of the crew of the *Forfarshire* by Grace Darling and her father, the latter of whom was the keeper of the lighthouse on the outermost of the islands. Their fame, however, does not rest on this exploit alone; but rather, among ornithologists at least, on the fact that during the summer months—that is, from May to September—they are the home of countless sea-birds, which resort to them to nest and rear their young, a purpose for which they are eminently adapted, not only from their isolated position, but also from their conformation, as, though extremely small, they provide

cliffs, stacks, and crags, rabbit-warren and land thickly covered with vegetation, rocks, and sloping beach, all of which are taken possession of for nesting purposes by different species of birds. With the exception of two on which the lighthouses stand, and of a third on which two of the keepers live during the breeding season, they are without human inhabitants, and after the departure of the birds are given over entirely to a few rabbits, which must, we should imagine, find it hard to eke out a subsistence during the winter months in such extremely bleak and inclement quarters. It may be added that on the inner Farne, which is the largest of the group, there are two lighthouses, and also a curious little church dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and an old tower, formerly used as a lighthouse, and known as St. Cuthbert's Tower; and as this island has quite a considerable population—one at least of the lighthouse keepers at the present time having a wife and family—it is not frequented by the birds as the others are.

To any one who is a lover of birds there can be no greater treat than a visit to the Farne Islands during the breeding season; indeed, in our opinion they afford a sight which well repays the traveller even for the trouble of a ten hours' journey from London. The second week in June is the best time to visit them, as this is the height of the breeding season, and in addition to the eggs, which are practically countless, the visitor has the pleasure of seeing many newly hatched birds. To reach the islands it is necessary to charter a coble. This, with its crew of three men, can be obtained at North Sunderland, which can boast of as quaint a little harbour as can be found on the coast, and where lives the man, Cuthbertson by name, who knows probably more about the Farne Islands, and the birds which frequent them, than any one living. There are, of course, many days, even in June, on which the islands are not accessible, as, if there is any sea, it breaks with such violence on them as to make landing and embarking, even when possible, very unpleasant, if not absolutely dangerous. But given a fine day with a smooth sea, the trip is most enjoyable.

Looking across from the little harbour the islands appear quite close, though the nearest of them is distant about four miles; so close, indeed, that one cannot help wondering whether there really are birds upon them, as none are visible; but this apparent absence of birds applies to the whole of the coast between North Sunderland and Bamburgh, which, considering that there are thousands in such close proximity to it, is singularly devoid of bird life—a few gulls and terns, two or three pairs of eider ducks, and a pair or so of ringed plover, with one or two gannets, probably visitors from the Bass Rock, being all the birds often to be seen between the two places. Very soon after leaving the harbour, however, birds begin to appear, first a pair of guillemots, then four or five together, then a puffin or two, and so on, as the islands are neared, until at length the water is covered with birds of different sorts which dive, swim, or fly off to make way for the boat as it approaches, apparently more to avoid being run over than from any fear of its crew, and the air is full of parties flying in all directions, among which the puffins are particularly noticeable on account of their bright bills and orange legs, the latter of which they carry extended behind them as they fly. Then as "the Pinnacles"—flat-topped rocks divided from the cliffs of the nearest island by a very narrow channel, and rising forty or fifty feet perpendicularly from the sea—are approached, the guillemots are seen in all their glory as they occupy, literally in thousands, the flat tops, which, with a considerable part of the sides, are so completely whitewashed by their droppings as to give the rocks even at a considerable distance the appearance of being white-capped. They sit on end in their own peculiarly prim fashion, packed so closely, that to all appearance there is not room for another; indeed, so dense are the masses, that one cannot help wondering how any individual bird can recognize its own egg, for the guillemot lays but one, or having left it, can force its way back to it again when it has recognized it, more especially as the eggs are placed on the bare rock without the faintest vestige of a nest. They are pear-shaped, very large for the size of the birds, and the colour and markings vary in different specimens in a most extraordinary manner, the former ranging through every shade, from a light slaty grey, or even white, to a bright blue. As the boat passes, hundreds of birds stream off the rocks, but even then the masses appear but slightly loosened, as the greater number refuse to budge. The guillemots, however, are not the sole occupants of the Pinnacles, as nearly every shelf or projection in the perpendicular face of the rock is occupied by the nest of a kittiwake; and, in our opinion, one of the most beautiful sights which the islands afford is that of these pretty little gulls as they fly circling round, clamouring loudly the while, when disturbed from their nests by the presence of the boat and its crew, the white and blue-grey of their plumage relieved by the black tips to their wings, and their greenish-yellow beaks contrasting well with the dark rocks which form the background of the picture. They are not, however, confined to the Pinnacles, but nest in the adjoining islands wherever there are perpendicular cliffs. Before taking leave of the guillemots and kittiwakes, we may remark that they can be approached, within a very few yards, from the top of the neighbouring cliff, on which, indeed, an odd guillemot's egg or two can be seen, laid, no doubt, by birds crowded out of the main body; and from this position it is easy to look down into the well-built nests of the kittiwakes, and to see their spotted brown eggs or speckled downy young. The islands may be described as being generally steep and cliffy on one side, and sloping down to the water on the other. Most of

them are rocky even on the low side; but one or two have shingly beaches, the former being occupied by gulls, the latter by terns; while the inhabitants of the interior of the islands vary with their formation. For example, as we land on one of the outer islands, which is rocky throughout, the higher part alone being covered with very scanty, coarse vegetation, with a tremendous clamour hundreds of gulls, mostly lesser black-backed gulls, but with a few herring gulls interspersed, start into the air, circling and screaming round the intruders; while from among the rocks in the highest part of the island seven or eight cormorants fly quietly off to sea, followed by one or two eider ducks. Walking about, it is hard to avoid treading on the gulls' eggs, which are placed in rather loosely-made nests among the coarse herbage or on the rocks themselves. As the centre of the island is reached it is easy to see the nests of the cormorants, which are large, slovenly constructions, composed principally of seaweed, mixed with pieces of driftwood, corks off fishing-nets, and other such flotsam and jetsam, the whole covered and made filthy both to sight and smell by the droppings of the birds and remnants of fish. The eggs, which are bluish-green in ground colour, are covered with a white calcareous matter; but, except when freshly laid, look as dirty as the nests. Most of the cormorants, however, breed on a rocky islet called the Megstone, a little distance from the main group, of which the other birds leave them in undisturbed possession. In a comfortable hollow between two rocks we find the nest of an eider duck, and then, within a very short distance, one or two more. These nests are most cozily lined with the brown down which the bird picks from her breast, from time to time, during the process of incubation, and in which the large greenish-grey eggs, from five to eight in number, are almost covered. The eider ducks seem quite aware that they are protected, and many of them, especially when sitting deep in the sea campion, with which most of the islands are covered, will permit a very near approach unmoved, sitting as quietly as any tame duck. While the ducks are thus engaged with family cares the drakes leave them, and may be seen swimming about near the islands, their handsome black and white nuptial plumage being extremely noticeable. On another and larger island, off which the Pinnacles lie, we are met on landing with the same clamour of seagulls, but the birds are noisier and bolder, one or two of them occasionally dashing down close to our heads in a threatening manner, screaming loudly the while—a sure sign that they have young ones—and with very little search the little down-covered creatures can be found, having, though very lately hatched, left their nests to hide among the herbage or under any piece of dry seaweed or other rubbish that may be near. The centre of the island is thickly overgrown with sea campion, and is white with blossom which fills the air with perfume; the soil is light and peaty, and is full of burrows, the possession of which is divided between numberless puffins and a few rabbits. Many of the puffins, curious pompous-looking little fellows, with large, brightly coloured bills, may be seen sitting about on the rocks and flying and swimming round the island, while their partners are below the ground, sitting each on the solitary egg which she has laid at the end of the burrow. These birds sit most assiduously, so much so, that they can be taken off their eggs—a dangerous experiment, we may remark, for any one who does not know how to handle them, as they not only bite fiercely, but scratch terribly with their sharp claws—and, when put down again, scramble back with ludicrous haste into their holes. On this island we find more eider ducks' nests—in fact, eider ducks, gulls, and puffins are found on nearly all the islands. The terns, the most interesting of all the birds, have been left to the last; and at length we visit their islands, which, as we before remarked, have shelving beaches, and are covered over their centres with the universal sea campion. Here the terns are numberless, and the beach down to high-water mark is literally covered with their eggs; so much so that very great care has to be used in walking to avoid treading on them. They are also to be found in large numbers among the sea campion; many are laid on the shingle with little, if any, pretence of a nest; while others have slight nests made of bents and pieces of seaweed. The birds are of four species—common, arctic, Sandwich, and roseate terns—the two latter being such rare birds that a sight of their nests and eggs alone is sufficient to repay the trouble of a visit to the Farnes. The first of the two, however, though rare elsewhere, are found here in large numbers, the colony being a famous one; while of the last there are only a few pairs. The sight of these graceful little birds—sea-swallows, as they are often called—as they rise in countless numbers when disturbed, is most beautiful, and it is interesting, as one moves along, to see them constantly rising in front of and settling down behind one, as, especially when they have young, they remain in the air but a very short time after the person disturbing them has passed. The eggs of the common and arctic terns are much alike, and both of them vary much in colour. They are generally of a buffish-grey, blotched and spotted with brown. The Sandwich terns usually lay two, and occasionally three, eggs of great beauty, which also are subject to very great variation in colour, some of them being nearly white, while in others the ground colour is a rich yellow, and every intermediate shade can be found, spotted, blotched, and streaked with brown of different shades. On these beaches, in addition to the terns, a few pairs of oyster-catchers breed, laying their eggs in curious nests, if so they can be called, formed of a small collection of shells; and here, also, may be found the stone-coloured eggs spotted with black, so difficult to

see among the shingle, of that prettiest of waders, the ringed plover—a little bird which always shows the greatest solicitude for its young when they are approached, endeavouring by every artifice in its power to draw away the intruder. With these little plovers, our list of birds breeding on the Farnes Islands is closed; it consists of the twelve following species, which, alone, so far as we are aware, breed there:—The cormorant, eider duck, ringed plover, oyster-catcher, arctic tern, common tern, roseate tern, Sandwich tern, kittiwake, herring gull, lesser black-backed gull, guillemot, and puffin. Other birds, for example a few herring gulls and gannets, may be seen, but they are only visitors.

The islands have from time immemorial been famous as a breeding-place of sea birds, and their very fame went far to ensure the entire destruction of the birds which caused it, as the several Wild Bird Protection Acts passed since 1869 notwithstanding, the unfortunate birds were shot in thousands by self-styled "sportsmen," and their nests were also persistently robbed, the fishermen and others taking eggs indiscriminately for sale as food, while the army of "egg collectors" was constantly raiding the nests of the rarer birds. The extent to which this robbery was carried on, even by scientific men, may be imagined when we find so well known an ornithologist as Mr. Seebohm confessing, in his *History of British Birds*, to having taken as many as 456 eggs in one day, of which no less than 129 were those of the rare Sandwich tern. But, fortunately, in the year 1888, an association of gentlemen interested in ornithology was formed, and was enabled to obtain a lease of the islands; and since that time the birds and their eggs have been most efficiently preserved, egg-collecting being strictly prohibited except with the special leave of the proprietors, which, except in the case of the gulls' eggs mentioned hereafter, is practically never granted. As might be expected, much trouble was experienced in the early days of preservation; but a judicious mixture of firmness and kindness appears to have made the path of the Association smooth; firmness was shown by bringing actions against trespassers, kindness by taking the eggs of the gulls and dividing them among the fishermen. The islands are carefully watched by four keepers, who live on them during the whole of the breeding season, and allow no one to land unless provided with a pass. These passes can be obtained on application to Mr. Cuthbertson, at Seahouses, Northumberland, or to the landlady of the "Crewe Arms Hotel" at Bamburgh; they are granted on the applicant paying a small fee and signing an undertaking not to take any eggs or in any way molest the birds, and generally to obey the rules of the Association if allowed to land on the islands. The result has been all that could be desired, as we understand that the birds are breeding on the islands this season than has been the case for many years.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE last of the English railway reports for the first half of the current year having now been issued, it may be worth while to examine into the result of the working. If we were to look at the dividends alone, we should declare that result highly satisfactory. Taking the twelve principal Companies, we find that two have distributed dividends at the rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. higher than for the first half of last year, and four have paid at the rate of  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. higher. Six of the twelve Companies, that is, distributed larger dividends than they did twelve months ago. Three Companies again pay the same dividends, and it must be added that one of the three could have paid  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more had the Directors not preferred to carry forward to the new half-year an unusually large balance. Only three out of the twelve Companies pay smaller dividends than at this time last year. But when we turn from the dividends to the accounts we find them less satisfactory. Taking no notice of the balances brought forward from the second half of last year, and of receipts from miscellaneous sources, but confining ourselves to the strictly railway earnings, we find that the twelve Companies together received 1,278,560*l.* more than in the first half of last year. But, on the other hand, their working expenses were higher by 1,190,850*l.*—that is to say, the working expenses rose so much that they swallowed up more than 93 per cent. of the increased gross earnings. The net receipts for the six months of all the twelve lines together are higher by no more than 87,710*l.* than in the first half of last year. In the case of some Companies, indeed, the increase in the working expenses largely exceeds the increase in the gross receipts. Proportionately the growth of working expenses was largest in the case of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, the working expenses having risen over 46,000*l.*, while the receipts rose only 37,000*l.* The Lancashire and Yorkshire working expenses also grew much more than the gross receipts. So did those of the Great Western and of the London and North-Western. From the point of view of the general public, the large augmentation in the gross receipts is most gratifying. It shows that, in spite of dear money, the decline in shipbuilding, the fall in freights, and the collapse of speculation in the iron industry, the trade of the country taken altogether has grown in a most satisfactory way. But from the point of view of the shareholders, the rise in the working expenses greatly qualifies the satisfaction thus derived. The increase in working expenses is, of course, due to the rise in wages and in the prices of coal and materials.



In the current half-year there must be a further augmentation in working expenses. It is true that the rise in wages and in prices began last year about the end of September. Consequently in the last three months of the year comparison will be made with a period last year when working expenses had already considerably risen. But, on the other hand, it is evident from the South Wales strike, and from the temper of the working classes everywhere, that a further advance in wages is very probable. The price of coal, too, is now higher than it was at the end of last year, and not impossibly may rise still further. There will also, in all likelihood, be a shortening of the hours of labour. It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the working expenses will continue to augment. At the same time it is encouraging to find from the weekly traffic returns that the gross receipts are also increasing very largely. The strike in South Wales has adversely affected some of the Companies; but it has happily ended, and if it does not lead to a greater rise in the price of coal than is now apprehended, it will benefit other Companies by the diversion of trade which it led to. Standing alone, then, its influence is not great. But all the same the tendency is towards a further rise in prices and wages, and a shortening of the hours of labour, consequently towards an augmentation of the working expenses. Railway shareholders, therefore, cannot reasonably expect any considerable addition to the dividends which were paid at the end of last year. They may, indeed, consider themselves fortunate if the Companies are able to maintain their dividends, especially if the money market should become stringent in the autumn.

The continued improvement of trade, the greater ease in the money market, and the change of Government at Buenos Ayres, have combined to bring about a much better feeling on the Stock Exchange. The influence of these causes has been reinforced by the reduction in the accounts open for the rise which has been going on for fully two months. At the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Tuesday morning, Stock Exchange borrowers were charged at first from 4½ to 5 per cent.; but in the afternoon much less could be obtained, and the carrying-over rates were decidedly lower than a fortnight previously. To some extent, no doubt, this was due to the greater ease in the money market, but mainly it is the result of the persistent selling by speculators which has been going on now since the middle of June. When it was found that the speculative accounts open for the rise had been so much reduced, and in some cases even a speculative account for the fall had been opened, operators were still more encouraged to begin buying. As yet business is by no means active, but it is somewhat more so than it has been for a month past. The most marked revival has been in South African land and gold shares, which have been so long and so greatly depressed. There has been, in almost all of them, a very considerable rise, and though the amount of dealing is small, compared with what it once was, it is very much larger than for many months past. There has also been a considerable amount doing in Rupee paper and other silver securities, especially the stocks and shares of Mexican railway Companies. The Mexican Government has decided to hand over a capital sum to the different Companies, in lieu of the subventions which it has guaranteed to pay, and it has concluded an arrangement with Messrs. Bleichröder, of Berlin, for the bringing out of a loan to enable it to do so. This, and the rise in silver, account for the advance in Mexican securities. Home railway stocks have also been better, and international securities have been firm. The market for American railroad securities, however, remains very lifeless. It is noteworthy that there has been a renewed demand for Consols, Indian stocks, colonial stocks, and other high-class securities. They were sold very largely in June and July by bankers and other capitalists when they found the demand for loans and discounts growing very eager, and the buying is now attributed, no doubt correctly, to re-purchasing by bankers. If so, bankers are evidently coming to the conclusion that, for the time at least, the monetary stringency is at an end. Yet, though there is a fair amount of investment business, there is not so much as usual at this time of the year when dividends are being paid, or have just been distributed. It is to be recollected that the joint-stock and private banks are at present allowing 3½ per cent. for money deposited with them, and apparently large numbers of investors think it more prudent to leave their savings on deposit, and watch the course of events, than buy while prices are so high, and while at the same time there are so many causes in operation that at any moment may bring about a fall. The principal reason for their caution continues to be the state of the Argentine Republic. Every one is beginning to recognize that the change of Government has not ended the financial crisis, and that the country must pass through a long period of depression and recuperation. Besides, the later telegrams from Buenos Ayres are not very reassuring. There are hints that the creditors of the country will be called upon to make sacrifices, and there are reports that the Governor of Cordoba is calling out the National Guard. And it is said, too, that the new Administration is apprehensive of opposition from some of the other provincial Governments. Lastly, the statement that Ministers have already under consideration the winding-up of several banks of issue is not calculated to inspire confidence.

There was a slight decline in the price of silver early in the week. Last week, it will be recollected, American operators were buying very freely, in anticipation of the purchases under the new Act, which came into force on Wednesday, and on Satur-

day the price rose to 51½d. per ounce. During the first three days of this week, however, it slowly fell back to 51¼d. per ounce, the reason being that the American buying had ceased, apparently operators wishing to see what the Treasury would do. Would it buy the whole monthly amount required at once and at the current market quotation? or would Mr. Windom hold off in the hope that the price would decline? They began buying again on Thursday, and the price recovered to 51½d. per ounce. Meantime there has been, as already stated, a good deal doing in silver securities. With regard to Rupee paper it is reported that preparations are being made for introducing the security upon the Paris Bourse as well as upon the German Bourses. The Syndicate which was formed to introduce it in Germany has not done so as yet, wishing to induce English capitalists to join it; but it is said that some Paris bankers are already about to begin dealing in Paris. No doubt much will depend upon the action of the American Government. If Mr. Windom buys freely all that is offered at the current market price, then speculation, not only in silver, but in silver securities, will go on apace.

During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received somewhat over a million and a half in gold, chiefly from New York, and 385,000*l.* on the following day, or nearly two millions in eight days. In consequence, the value of money has fallen away, the rate of discount in the open market being barely 4 per cent.; and, unless the Bank of England acts promptly, there will be a further fall. If there is, we shall have another period of stringency in the autumn. Apparently the exports of gold from New York have stopped. Money there has become very dear, and the exchange upon London has fallen, so that it is no longer profitable to ship the metal. Gold cannot be obtained either from the Bank of France or from the Imperial Bank of Germany, and, therefore, but little is likely to be received from the Continent, and not very much is on the way from Australia. On the other hand, it is said that a million and a half sterling will be sent soon to the Argentine Republic. The Syndicate that bought the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres handed over to the Government bills amounting to three millions sterling, and it is said that half the amount will be taken in gold. If so, all that was received from New York in the week ended Wednesday night will go out again, and the position of the Bank of England will be more unsatisfactory than it was before. Then, of course, there will be the usual miscellaneous withdrawals, and with the high prices and wages that are now ruling, and the great activity in trade, the internal circulation will continue to expand until October, or rather until November, when the Scotch drain has always to be met. The falling away of rates at the present time is, therefore, unfortunate, as it puts a stop to the imports of gold and facilitates exports.

#### MEDIEVAL HAND-LORE.

IN the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the occult sciences flourished exceedingly, and attracted learned men as well as simpletons. The learned men had to be very wary, for the Catholic religion jealously forbade such investigations. Yet with the revival of learning, together with renewed knowledge of Virgil and Homer and all good things intellectual, came some of the Pagan superstitions of the ancient world. Latin and Greek translations of Arabic works on astrology, physiognomy, and chiromancy appear to have made their way into Europe; and in Italy, France, and Germany many a quaint old volume was solemnly printed in large and heavy type, with woodcuts of the period that are a series of nightmares rather than diagrams of human hands. A German of the widespread patronymic Von Hagen, which he Latinized into Indagine, combined the characters of theologian and astrologer in the sixteenth century. It is not known when he was born or when he died. For forty-nine years he was priest at Steinheim, and was considered a very clever and learned man for his time, being chosen as envoy to the Pope on one occasion. What he saw at Rome made him protest against the iniquities of the Church. He was reputed to be the greatest astrologer of his age, and he applied the science of the stars to the face and hands, mapping them out piecemeal and giving the lines of the hands intolerably inhuman shapes in his diagrams. Ancient maps where authentic and realistic portraits of griffins are engraved, with the mild legend attached that this is the land of the Anthropophagi—generally somewhere in Whitest Russia or Darkest Africa—are about as trustworthy guides to travellers as these diagrams are to investigators of the hand. There was also Tricasso, who seems to have been, on the whole, the most learned mathematician and theologian who was ever devoted to chiromancy. When he sat down to write on this cherished subject, he has left it on record that he did it "come agitato di furor divino." He was a Dominican at the convent of St. Peter Martyr at Naples, and ought to have known better. He pressed into his service Aristotle, who is erroneously supposed to have instructed Alexander the Great in hand-lore. Tricasso has been more pillaged from than most writers on the subject. Taisnier, a learned Belgian of the same date, noted for pride and vanity, made a reputation by plagiarism, and took his chiromancy from Bartolomeo Cocles, to whom Tricasso himself refers. Never-

theless, in the next century Jean Belot, the plump-faced curé of Mil-Monts, speaks slightly of his predecessors Indagine and Cocles and others. That is a peculiarity which he shares with other authorities. Pompeo Sarnelli, Bishop of Biseglia, next wrote a secret Latin manuscript on chiromancy, and called Tricasso himself an impostor and Cocles a mere nobody. He might be correct in this, but not in his own views of the hand, according to more recent or even contemporary writers.

The curious point about mediæval hand-lore is the universal belief in the necessity of being beheaded, burned, drowned, stabbed, poisoned, all at the same time. No respite seems to be allowed to ill-luck, even when the mightiest marks of good fortune have given the possessor everything he desired. The indeterminate hand, lacking the essential lines, is condemned to terrible misfortunes combined with a life of obscurity. The best qualities of human nature are maligned. It is possible to have too good a heart-line, leading the owner into the wildest jealousy and indiscriminate murder. Too good a head-line results in avarice and an ecstatic lunacy. Too good a life-line gives cruelty. Too good a line of success brings deepest sorrow on the fortunate man. Magistrates, rustics, and poltroons were classed as having but few lines on the hands. Does this mean that magistrates were illiterate and cowardly by nature, or that the plebeian and the sneak of the period were endowed with a natural sense of justice and power of judgment necessary for keeping them alive under evil planetary influences as typified in the prelates and lords of the land?

With the unconscious irony of life, the chiromancers eagerly chimed in, and were sure that the head and digestion owned the same line, also that only those of a good heart had the chance of a long life, and that the spleen itself was inextricably associated with the line of the heart. It is currently reported that the modern German sits down to study immediately after a good meal, therefore perhaps the head and the digestion still require but one line in that nation as in the days of Indagine. But how the spleen got united to the heart, and how it happened that every bad heartless man naturally died young, is not set forth in history. The fact that there were twelve phalanges to the four fingers led them to be appropriated to the signs of the zodiac, and the lumps and mounds on the hands unluckily corresponded to the number of the chief planets. Sometimes the names of the planets were arranged on the hand in the order in which they were placed in the heavens. Sometimes their order was altered at the occult will of the chiromancer. No one could possibly tell which authority was right. Hence with the neatest bundle of lines, all ready for "telling," well washed, the owner having piously fasted in idleness for three hours as required, what certainty was there that Apollo was favourable, when it might be Saturn in disguise?

When the learned men finally became tired of softening their brains over astrology as applied to the hand, the whole matter fell into hopeless disrepute and confusion worse confounded. Lavater rescued physiognomy from the baleful stars, and modern chiromancy set out at least with the appearance of open and scientific investigation. Desbarrolles, however, fell back upon astrology while still denouncing his predecessors. Until chiromancy shall be snatched from the grasp of the planetary Olympia, it will remain vague as the clouds and fleeting as the billows of the sea.

#### RACING.

WHAT was looked upon as very high two-year-old form was tried at Lewes, when Mr. J. B. Leigh's The Deemster, the winner of the Coventry Stakes, at Ascot, was asked to give 9 lbs. to Mr. E. W. Baird's Flodden Field, and 6 lbs. more than weight for sex to Mr. G. Cleveland's Grace Conroy, for the Astley Stakes. There were half a dozen other starters, including Sir J. Duke's Martenhurst (who, if a little wanting in quality, was strong, muscular, and a winner of three races) and Mr. W. Low's colt by Galliard out of Tabor, for whom 2,500 guineas had been given when a yearling. Not a few critics had considered The Deemster the best two-year-old colt of the season, which he still may or may not be; but it is difficult to see how they could have imagined this on his public form alone, which had been simply as follows:—a victory by a head over Siphonia at Ascot, and a defeat by her by a head at Kempton, when giving her 7 lbs. more weight, with a defeat in the same race by a neck from Fuze, to whom he was giving 10 lbs. Whatever may have been the value of this public form, there could be no questioning the fact that he is a very grand colt. He has the powerful frame of the West Australians and Melbournes, combining immense limbs, for his age, with a back and loins worthy of a young weight-carrying hunter; yet, notwithstanding all this power, he is full of quality. He is a rich brown colt by Arbitrator out of Rookery, so he represents Melbourne and Newminster through his sire's sire and dam, and Newminster and Birdcatcher through his dam's sire and dam.

Flodden Field, who was now to be his principal trial horse, is a black colt by Marden out of Sister of Mercy, and, therefore, a direct representative of Newminster on both sides, with some of the Melbourne blood inherited by his adversary. He is not on a very large scale, but he has bone, length, wide hips, and remarkable

muscle in his quarters. At Goodwood he had beaten Haute Saone by a head, with an advantage of 7 lbs. at weight for sex; and Haute Saone had shown more than respectable form, both before at Newmarket and since at Brighton.

The Deemster, ridden by Robinson, was first favourite at 2 to 1, and Flodden Field, ridden by T. Cannon, was second favourite at 3½ to 1. The pair jumped off together in front, on the left of the course, the moment the flag fell; but they were soon steadied, and other horses were allowed to make the running. Just below the distance Grace Conroy, the third favourite, was leading, closely followed by The Deemster and three other horses, while Flodden Field, with whom Cannon had been riding a waiting race, was gradually working his way to the front. As they came on from the distance The Deemster and Flodden Field got the lead, and after a very pretty race Flodden Field won by half a length from The Deemster, who finished three-quarters of a length in front of Grace Conroy.

For the Lewes Handicap, which preceded the Astley Stakes, odds were laid upon Papyrus, the ex-hurdleracer that had won the Goodwood Stakes. T. Loates, who was riding him, disobeyed his trainer, waited in the rear of his field through a great part of the race, and, when he tried to come to the front below the distance, found himself shut in. When he did, at last, get an opening, it was too late, and he was beaten by three parts of a length by the third-race Cromartie. After the race he was summoned before the Stewards, to whom he admitted having ridden badly, and was censured. It is but fair to say that at that very time he stood well ahead of the winning jockeys of the season.

On the Saturday the aforesaid Martenhurst was made favourite for the Priory Stakes, which is rather a long race for two-year-olds at this time of year, as it is run over a course a mile in length. Martenhurst had finished a very good fourth for the Astley Stakes, and for the Findon Stakes at Goodwood he had beaten Beauharnais, a winner of 2,000*l.* in stakes, on whom 3 to 1 was laid, at even weights. Almost as strong a favourite was Queen of the Fairies, who appeared, when judged exclusively through her form with Mephisto and St. Symphorien, to be as good as Bumptious at even weights. It must be observed, however, that most of her running told a very different story. Both the favourites were destined to be beaten by an outsider in Mr. G. Cleveland's Chesterfield, a chestnut colt by Wisdom out of Bramble that had cost 720 guineas as a yearling. He had been unplaced twice this season, and now, when receiving 6 lbs. from Martenhurst, he beat him by three lengths; while Queen of the Fairies, who gave Chesterfield 6 lbs. and sex, was unplaced, which, even allowing for the weight she was carrying, can scarcely have represented her best form.

Plates of 10*g.* are scarcely the sort of stakes for which one would expect to find colts that had cost 1,300 guineas and 1,700 guineas as yearlings competing; yet Patrol and Delaval, who had been purchased at those figures, started first and second favourites for such a race in the Hanworth Park Maiden Plate at Kempton on Tuesday last, and the former was victorious in it, for the first time in his life. For the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes, on the same day, Mr. Brodrick Clotely Unicorn was made a very hot favourite, only to disappoint his backers by running a bad third to Minuet and Adieu, of which pair Adieu ran the best, as he gave Minuet 9 lbs. more than weight for sex, and ran her to a neck. With only 6 lbs. less between them, Minuet had finished a very long way behind Adieu when that colt ran a good third to Cuttlestone for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, and she had been unplaced in four other races; so this was a surprising improvement on her previous public form. In the same race Baron de Hirsch's 3,000-guinea filly, Isolation, ran for the first time in public, and finished last of all. Minuet, who was bred by her trainer and owner, A. Taylor, represents Touchstone on Stockwell blood through her sire's side, and Stockwell on Touchstone through her dam's, although she is by a stallion of, as yet, so little note as Exile II.

On Wednesday, Oddfellow, the third in the Grand Prix and 10 to 1 candidate for the St. Leger, was beaten by a couple of lengths for the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,200*l.* by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's beautiful, white-footed bay filly Ponza, who gave him sex and 3 lbs. Oddfellow immediately went down to 20 to 1 (offered) for the St. Leger. On the same day, at Redcar, Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who had won a race on the previous day, won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes of 580*l.* He had now won all the three races for which he had run this year.

The report that Ormonde, "the horse of the century," is to return to England is especially welcome, coming as it does within a fortnight of the death of such a promising stallion as Paradox. There are, however, cavillers who will ask whether it is desirable to breed from a roaring prodigy.

#### THE GIZEH MUSEUM.

THE removal of the unrivalled collections so long housed at Boulak has been effected. The new Museum, near the town which gives its name to "the pyramids of Gizeh," was opened in January last, and is spacious, standing in ample grounds,



where some of the larger monuments may conveniently be placed. The chief—indeed, the only serious—drawback is the distance, at least three miles, from Cairo; but, on the whole, the compensating advantages of the site are overwhelming. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, during the reign of the present Khedive's predecessor, the observant traveller used to be distressed at the sight of gangs of children—boys and girls—in long files, each carrying a basket of earth, and many bleeding and footsore, and shrinking under the lash of the taskmaster. Such a scene was enacted daily on the left bank of the Nile, opposite to the famous island of Roda, where Pharaoh's daughter is said to have bathed on a memorable occasion; and the result was the formation of extensive gardens and plantations on made earth. Here speedily rose one of those hideous buildings in which Ismail Pasha so greatly delighted; vast, heavy, rococo, devoid of picturesqueness or style or ornament, and, finally, but half finished when its builder lost his throne. In it are said to have been immured no fewer than three hundred Circassian beauties, and their distribution as wives among the officers of the army is said by the philosophical Egyptian to have been the ultimate cause of Arab's rebellion—an historical knot easy to unravel. Gizeh has been empty ever since, until the happy thought occurred to the present Khedive or his advisers that the famous antiquities, stored and packed away at Boolak, where they were yearly endangered by the high Nile, and were constantly suffering from damp, should be removed hither and exhibited adequately in the spacious saloons, ball-rooms, and corridors of the empty palace. So it comes to pass that the mummies of the great kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties are approached by a passage painted in the worst modern French taste with wreaths of impossible flowers and the fables of Æsop; and the great diorite statue of Chafra, one of the noblest portraits the world has ever seen, sits in a grey hall partly of polished marble and partly of painted stucco. But no one who remembers the overcrowding at Boolak, and who recognizes the number of monuments here shown which were formerly stowed away, can grumble for a moment, even though aggressively bad taste offends the eye in all directions.

The monuments of the Pyramid period, as is well known, could only be studied at Boolak, where a room was filled with them. Now, instead of one, some fourteen apartments of various sizes are devoted to these inestimable treasures, and, in the case of the more remarkable and important carvings, a considerable degree of isolation has become possible. The series of so-called "False Portals," of which two examples are in the British Museum, has been immensely increased from the store-rooms, and one of the first we see as we enter retains its colouring, and is in a brilliant state of preservation, although Ma-anh-Ra, whom it commemorates, seems to have lived under the third dynasty—that is, before the building of the Great Pyramid. There are many more of these interesting memorials which will be new to the visitor who only saw Boolak. Ra-en-Kaoo is represented with his twelve sons. Two of his daughters, Ahat and Hetephars, are shown embracing each other, the heads of each being evidently portraits. It would be impossible even to enumerate the wonders of these first rooms, filled with objects of a period and character unknown to the museums of Europe. In one chamber a kind of inner circle has been formed of twenty-eight statuettes, portraits of old worthies, marvellously lifelike and fresh. In an outer circle are many family groups consisting of a husband and wife and their children. In some the pattern on the lady's dress is carefully indicated, and can still be made out. One or two old favourites at Boolak are now placed in cupboards a little too high up. This fate has overtaken Nefer the architect, whose portrait, only some nine inches high, has so often been cited as proving that size is not necessary to dignity in sculpture. Among the most curious of the newly-exhibited statues is one of a princess, who is represented in life-size as a very plump, middle-aged woman, a realistic and by no means pleasing figure, which may have looked better while it retained its colouring. Her name is an example of the difficulty attending the transliteration of this very archaic writing, but appears to have been Gehak or Kahak. This statue alone would reward the fatigue of a visitor; but the monument of Sessa, on which the writing is all in blue, that of Sahser, in granite of a most venerable type, and the statuettes of Chafra in alabaster, of Menkaora (Mycerinus) in diorite, and of User-en-Ra in syenite, are extraordinary works of art, any one of which would make the fortune of an English museum. In one chamber is the dried body—it can scarcely be called a mummy—of King Ment-em-saf, whose pyramid at Sakkara has preserved his name, which does not appear in written chronicles. Near it are part of the skull and the hand, all that remains of Unas, the last king of the fifth dynasty, also from a ruined Sakkara pyramid. Near these fragments of perished royalty is a complete, but small, tomb of the same period, on the walls of which are sculptured and brilliantly coloured interminable lists of the offerings of corn, wine, ale, beasts, and birds, made at the burial of the personage commemorated. In addition to all those objects which are new to the visitor, he will recognize many familiar forms. Ra-hetep and Nefer sit side by side as of old, but in a vastly more suitable chamber; the cobwebs have been removed from their noses, and the ridiculous inscription, attributed to a late director, which would have made them of the twelfth dynasty, and in defiance of the express wording of his epitaph described Ra-hetep as an upstart, has been replaced by that which Mariette wrote. The

wooden "Sheykh al Beled," Ra-em-Ka, is there, and near him his black wife. There is the archaic stela of Shery, part of which has been at Oxford for two hundred and fifty years, and which, so far, may be considered the most ancient example of the art of writing known to exist. The fragile painting of the pasturing geese from Maydoom has been safely transferred from Boolak. But the number of monuments hitherto wholly unknown to the sightseer which are now exhibited is so great that we pass rapidly by those we knew before. Among these new objects is a very curious statue of Queen Mant-nefert, the hitherto unrecognized wife of Thothmes II. It is of life-size, yellow in tint like earlier statues of females, but entirely deficient in everything that constitutes excellence in sculpture as compared with the work of the Pyramid period. Nevertheless this statue, which comes from Koorneh, near Thebes, is of surpassing importance in the history of art.

The curious black granite sphinxes and other monuments supposed to belong to the Hyksos reigns are grouped together in one immense corridor, and when we have passed through an open court and round two cloisterlike passages, we find ourselves at the foot of a small staircase which conducts us to the great cruciform gallery on the upper floor, in which the royal mummies found at Dayr al Bahri have been placed. Here we may gaze at the strangely Jewish cast of the features of the red-haired Rameses; at the short, sturdy form of the conquering Thothmes, and at the archaic mummies of the distant seventeenth dynasty, about which the Egyptian historian would so gladly learn more. It seems strange that we may see their very bodies and look into their faces, and yet can tell nothing of their deeds; nothing of the policy or the prowess which made a new Egypt, and founded the empire of the historical eighteenth dynasty and its mighty successors. In a side chamber are the remains of one queen and her infant child, with their ornaments, images, dresses, decorations, and funeral pall arranged round them. The wonderful jewels of Queen Aahhetep are in a room apart, and the innumerable little figures of deities, beads, scarabs, and amulets of all sorts are in the old cabinets from Boolak. One great gallery is devoted to the relics of a comparatively late period, like those with which Mr. Flinders Petrie surprised us in London a couple of years ago. There are some coloured and glazed busts of startling freshness, and some very modern-looking faces from graves found in the Fayoom. In addition to the other newly-arranged chambers, a numismatic gallery supplies a distinct want; for though the ancient Egyptians, happy people, did not use money, the coins of the Alexandrian and Ptolemaic periods are numerous, beautiful, and interesting historically. One room contains nothing but botanical specimens. In one respect the new Museum is inferior to the old. Mariette led the way in making up a series of regal scarabs, chronologically arranged. The regal scarabs now exhibited are far from being a representative series, and are carelessly placed in a case, in which many of them are quite invisible. This defect, and the want of a catalogue, are serious drawbacks to the usefulness of the collections. If the present French authorities make a catalogue, it is to be hoped that they will not use the system of transliteration followed in their work on the Dayr al Bahri discovery, which is almost useless to scholars trained in the system settled by the Oriental Congress, which, though it is not the best, is at least intelligible and has been universally accepted except by the French. The only publication on the new Museum which we have seen is not encouraging. It consists of a eulogy of Mariette Pasha, whose remains were transferred to the grounds of the new Museum on the 14th of February last by a gentleman named Abbate Pasha. In it we are given the following list of eminent Egyptologists: "Duminkin, Lopsius, Brugsh, de Rougé, Chabas," in which all but the two French names are misspelt, and no English names are admitted. Even the locality where the new Museum is situated is named in this and in official documents as *Ghizeh*. The prospects of an adequate catalogue, such a catalogue as would have satisfied Mariette, are not apparently very bright; but a strong and active Committee on antiquities has been appointed, and we must hope for the best.

#### MODERN FORTIFICATION.

AT a time when the cuirassier is throwing aside his breastplate, and some do not care to conceal their opinion that armour for men of war is being overdone, it is not a little curious to find engineers on the Continent almost universally turning to iron to supplement their various systems of fortification; and, if we are to judge by what we saw at the German manoeuvres last September, even field-pieces are to travel about in bullet-proof iron boxes, from within which the gunners may direct their aim, all regardless of the magazine-rifle or the shrapnel shell. These travelling cupolas were the invention of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Schumann, of the Prussian Engineers, a staunch advocate of iron, who, with the courage of his convictions, carried its use into the field. As regards its value for fortification, he was convinced that it should be applied without stint, and would have entrusted the entire defence to a line of his "coupoles cuirassées." Some of these cupolas are to be constructed on the disappearing principle, and mortars armed *cap-à-pie* are to supplement the guns. This jack-in-the-box kind of arrangement is also favoured by some other authorities abroad; but the details of the various

schemes differ so widely, and the principles involved are often so much in opposition, that it is difficult to say what the leading features of modern fortification consist in, and impossible to foretell what developments the future may not have in store for us. Abroad experts seem only agreed as to one point—namely, the advantages to be derived from iron, and the prevailing tendency seems to be setting towards elaborate and expensive combinations of metal and cement. The enormous strides that have recently been made in gunnery, and the greatly increased fire effect thereby induced, has set men thinking how the power of guns may best be counteracted, and in most cases it would appear that the only solution arrived at is the piling on of more protection, and in an unintelligent and unenterprising system of defence. General Brialmont, who has written much on the subject, and is regarded as a high authority in many quarters, is one of the worst sinners in this direction, contents himself with patching and tinkering the old stereotyped plans, and adds another cupola or two to counteract each succeeding advance on the opposite side. The iron with him is superadded to the already highly elaborated fronts, and further additions are made to the intricacies of the permanent systems, which have been the growth of years and the delight of pedants and drawing-masters for generations. He lacks the courage of Schumann, who boldly pinned his faith on iron almost alone, and endeavours to bolster up obsolete methods by multiplying complications. We have lately seen it noticed that the works at Antwerp need strengthening, and that some millions of francs are to be expended on them, and there will probably, therefore, be another opening for General Brialmont to exhibit more ingenuity in constructing mazes from which no army can hope to emerge to victory, but must remain passively entombed until the inevitable capitulation releases it to the light of day. While Brialmont contents himself with sprinkling a few cupolas about his works, and keeps his high command, his "enceinte," his "machicoulis," and the rest of the old familiar properties, and Schumann goes in solely for iron, another party recommends that existing works should be altogether abandoned, and that groups of batteries should replace the present elaborate forts. Since fire effect has so vastly increased, it is to fire that the defence must look for safety, and the attack must be driven back with the methods it confides in for success itself. Infantry trenches filled with riflemen and covered by entanglements will prove more serious obstacles than the deepest ditches, and a railway running along the rear of the fighting line will carry the defenders' guns hither and thither where they may for the moment be most required, and will help to place them on a greater equality as regards mobility than they have hitherto enjoyed. This school recognizes the fact that it is impossible and unnecessary to strive for complete protection everywhere from the projectiles of the foe. To avoid being hit it is better to afford as small a target as possible than to defy the shot with a high parapet or an iron screen. Great attention, therefore, is bestowed on rendering the works as invisible as possible, and the stores and ammunition they contain are disposed at wide intervals and in small quantities so as to minimize the effects of a lucky shell. No expensive iron protection is made use of, but simple earthworks and a judicious selection of site are alone relied on. These views, which appeal largely to common sense, are shared by many officers in this country also, and costly arrangements in masonry and iron have lost much of their fascination even for our older men. Till we see the results of the next big war all must be a matter of speculation, and the conflict of experts and divergence of opinion on the subject will continue. Meanwhile, it is probable that the returns of target practice have something to do with the controversy. At the ranges artillery fire can be shown to be almost annihilating. We believe a Horse Artillery battery at Okehampton has been known to hit 80 per cent. of hostile skirmishers at 1,700 yards. Yet in actual operations the smoke, the noise, and excitement exercise so potent an effect that its results are sometimes, especially against earthworks, almost nil. Now the ambition of the engineer in his study is to draw out a plan of a work so that he can demonstrate triumphantly that by no possibility can a bullet light on any given part inside. A suspicion of being enfiladed for the shortest space will cause him to grow cold, while an insinuation as to his undefended space will produce a week's uneasiness. His whole ideas are, in fact, concentrated on the effect of fire. Now if by a just appreciation of the configuration of ground, or by clever management of cover to be obtained from woods, the chances of being hit are reduced to a minimum, the final outcome in war is much the same, even though you *might have been hit* had your foe seen you; while, on the other hand, no excavations or mountains piled above you impede your free movement and your counter-attack. In just the same way a Khakoe-coated skirmisher is a more efficient soldier than a man in armour, even though he be less impervious to a bullet. The tactical aspects of the task are more to be considered than absolute security, and there should be just a spice of the gambling spirit in the philosophy of the modern engineer. The notion, however, that men are to be simply ensconced in cupolas which should "rear their horrid heads" just as the assault is imminent is an even more fanciful and dangerous principle than that involved in the older systems of complicated trace. That the machinery should remain intact under a heavy fire would be well nigh a miracle; while, even if it did, it is extremely improbable that the dazed inhabitants of the prison would, on reaching the upper air, know where or what to fire at, while even if they did happen to recognize the

enemy, their nerves would be in such a state of tension that they would probably fire anywhere rather than in his direction. How utterly impossible it would be to exercise control over men in such situations must be apparent to every one, while to direct or regulate their fire would be out of the question. The unhappy defenders are expected to fight without guidance or support from their officers, without the least knowledge of what is going on round them, and without being able to identify their target at the supreme moment when their cue comes, and they spring up from below the stage. War is not yet merely a question of cog-wheels and levers, and no shooting machines can replace pluck and confidence.

The great tactical principles remain immutable, and equally underlie all success in war, and human nature being the same in all ages, will apply with the same force in our own day as they did a thousand years ago. The great object of the defence, whether armed with bows and arrows, smooth-bore muskets, or the magazine rifle, has ever been to detain the assailants under fire from men more or less securely placed behind cover, and to shatter them that they would be compelled to fall back. Formerly weapons were so defective, and took so long to load, that it needed a long time to produce fire of the requisite intensity. Vast obstacles to hold the enemy had, therefore, to be established, and elaborate arrangements to produce flanking or cross fire entered into. But in these days of breechloaders and magazine rifles the rapidity and volume of fire has been so enormously increased, that a very short time is sufficient for it to do its work. No troops, however brave, could in the open face the pitiless hail that can now be directed on them as they emerge from their trenches to the assault; and the effect of modern musketry is so tremendous that frontal fire is all that is required. Any light obstacles, such as wire entanglements or railings, will be all that is needed in front of a parapet, if it be lined by resolute men with plenty of ammunition and modern weapons. A ditch may be added as a concession to popular prejudice, but can very well be dispensed with. Ditches never won victories. These were alone accomplished by fire, and it is to fire that we must still look for success. To develop that of artillery to the utmost it is an immense advantage to be able to move the guns about the line that has to be defended. It has up to now been the custom to place them in fixed positions, where they could only fire in a more or less restricted direction, and where, if they were not likely to be hit, they had, on the other hand, themselves little chance of doing effective service. This entire absence of mobility was one of the greatest disadvantages under which the defence has hitherto laboured. It is, happily, no longer necessary thus to cripple its efforts. The guns are sufficiently secure if placed outside the redoubts which hold the infantry, and may be freely moved as required along the intervening spaces, where they will likewise be supported by a field force which will be handled according to tactical considerations, and can, if necessary, hold its ground behind field defences. The attack will by this means be distracted in its efforts, and cannot direct artillery fire on both infantry and artillery at the same time, as it has up to the present been able to do. It cannot hope to carry the position until the redoubts have been rendered comparatively innocuous, and yet it cannot begin the task of rendering them so until it has accounted for the defenders' guns. Machine-guns would probably supplement the infantry fire from the redoubts, and when their effect at short ranges and in well-defined directions is considered, it will, we imagine, be admitted that the intervals between such works could be made perfectly secure for artillery to manoeuvre on. As regards the nature of these redoubts, they should be of the simplest form possible, should afford shelter to their garrisons, should have ample interior communication, and, above all, should be constructed with a view to their being as invisible as possible. They should exist mainly to give full effect to rifle fire, and in development should be the first consideration. An efficient obstacle out of reach of artillery fire should be placed in front of them, and nothing will suit this purpose better than a sunk fence with an unclimbable iron fence at its foot. A ditch may sometimes be found necessary, but need never assume the portentous dimensions it has hitherto assumed, and need not, if the work be kept duly invisible, be revetted in the substantial masonry we have been accustomed to. Trees on the glacis will be useful to make entanglements with, and will impede the invader's view, while they will cost little to plant and keep in order. In a similar manner narrow woods may be grown some hundreds of yards behind the general line of the position. These will form an excellent background, and will completely hide the rear, while the edge of a wood prepared for defence forms an invaluable second line, and if openings here and there are arranged for offensive action need in no wise be circumscribed by them. Such is a brief outline of some of the salient features which should go to form the fortification of the future. Memorable defences have shown what can be accomplished behind more or less impromptu works, and such constructions have often proved tougher obstacles than more elaborate and expensive systems. We may instance Plevna, but the case of Sebastopol brings the lesson home to us even more strongly. Todleben, in the presence of the enemy and simply following the instincts of a soldier guided solely by tactical considerations and common sense, improvised such a system of works as rolled back our most determined efforts for many months, and for ever established the value of impromptu fortification. It has been contended that we have no need for land forti-



education in England. The navy is to form our parapets. Nevertheless the defence of London continues to occupy the attention of our experts, and it will be admitted that some scheme for impromptu works is desirable. But let us turn no sod until the invader is actually on our shores, and then let our plans be based on liberal principles and suited to the exigencies of the moment.

#### HOW DARED HE?

**D**ID they show ye in the papers what disrippitable capers Mr. M-th-ws has been cutting in the House of Parlymint, And in whwat an ojus manner he let floy at Dr. T-nn-r  
Whan the Docthor at his antesadents vintured for to hint?

Sure, I shouted, "Catch me, howld me, Biddy darlin'!" whan they towld me

That the Saxon foe was wanst again at his accursud work,  
And had dared, the low barbarian, to pass the word "vulgarian"  
At the glory of ould Oireland, and the jool of County Cork.

He was answered, divil doubt ut, and he wasn't long about ut;  
Tis the Docthor has the flow of words to help um at a pinch,  
And 'twas M-th-ws heard the plainust, as "the basust and the manust  
Of the skunks" that iver filled and fouled the Governmintal Binch.

But, begorra! what is undherneath the Saxon shirt, I wondher,  
That just a little touch like this should make the toyrant bawl?

If he's anny sort of skin on um, bedad! it's moighty thin on um,  
But is there—is there anny to his back, at all, at all?

All the House was up in arrums, with excursions and alarrums,  
And the Chairman of Committees tould the Docthor to rethraet.

To rethraet! O blessed Erin! With the Secretary's sneerin'  
Stickin' fast within the throat of um, and he the first attacked!

'Twas in vain to hope the Chairman would be actin' like a fair man;  
"Vulgarian's not a word," sez he, "that mimbers need with-draw.

I acknowledge it—I must—as often Parlymintry justus  
And always well within the bounds of Parlymint'ry law."

It can't be comprehinded how the matter might have inded,  
With the mimbers raging round him and our haro standin' firm,

And ould C-rtn-y raising morder wid his cries of "Order!  
Order!"

And his challenges to T-nn-r to withdraw the irrig'lar term.

In a minut they'd have named um, and he couldn't well have  
blamed 'em

If they'd put their House's ornymint outside St. Stayphen's  
door,

And had sent um to the Tower, too (it's they that has the  
power to),

No more to have to thrimble as the Docthor tuk the flure.

And 'twas not until Tom S-xt-n, who at spakin' was the next  
one,

Had appaled to his bowld comrade by the howly name of  
frind,

That the Docthor, as expected to, tuk back the word objected to,  
And brought the little incident purloitley to an ind.

But as for thim, bad scan to thim! A baby is a man to thim,  
To such a height of wakeness and decrippitude they've sunk,

That, although the word "vulgarian" don't shock their sows  
barbarian,

The spalpeens can't enjure to hear the moild retort of  
"Skunk!"

#### REVIEWS.

##### GRAY AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

**I**T is sad to think how much trouble one bad editor can make for posterity. If there were ever an English man of letters whose work ought to have had the best chances of being fitly preserved and collected, surely it was Gray. He was a man of most careful and scholarly habits; his published work was of such moderate amount as to be held all too little by lovers of English poetry; his correspondence was with scholars and men of letters who appreciated if they could not emulate him; his goings and comings were few and well known. Our grandfathers might most reasonably have expected to be in possession of everything of Gray's, or connected with Gray's life and work, that it concerned

the world of letters to possess. But in an evil hour the disposition of the available materials, in themselves quite adequate, fell into the hands of Mason. And Mason, by a singular combination of presumption, pedantry, and carelessness, introduced error and confusion of every kind, from which we are not yet fully delivered. Letters have been misplaced, ascribed to the wrong people, and in some cases deliberately corrupted. It is good to be in charity with all men; but charity, like all virtues, is capable of excess. We may forgive Mason, the more readily that he is long past human punishment or censure. That is no reason, however, why Mason's blunders and perversions should continue to cumber our books. Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray is the best we have, but excess of charity towards Mason has prevented it from being final. Nineteen times out of twenty the work of a man with Mason's opportunities, and with the apparent warranty of competence afforded by his position, may be presumed to be trustworthy in the absence of error flagrantly manifest. Unfortunately Mr. Gosse did not perceive the need of exceptional vigilance in this case, and a considerable aftermath is still left for the minute critic.

The pious care of Mr. Tovey, a lover of Eton, of Cambridge, and of Gray, has now supplied a good part of what was wanting. His volume is, by the nature of the case, not a complete and independent work. It is of a supplementary or preparatory nature; supplementary to the labours of former editors and biographers (excellently condensed, by the way, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Gray, which has very lately appeared in the *Dictionary of National Biography*), preparatory to future recension of Mr. Gosse's edition, and peradventure to the revival of taste for eighteenth-century literature which is as likely as not to be the portion of our children. Prophecy is a hazardous thing in literature; but, if we committed ourselves to it, we should be disposed to predict that in the first quarter of the twentieth century Gray will be more read than Rossetti. Mr. Tovey's book, however, must not be taken for a mere collection of fragments and *apparatus criticus*. His introductory essay, short but full of point and good judgment, gives it the stamp of a true scholar's work. Gently but firmly he disposes of Matthew Arnold's "fanciful homilies" on Gray's character, and bids us rather find in Gray's utterances "the buoyant and cheerful public spirit of his age." What he says of Gray's poetry is not less felicitous than what has been said by better known critics. He declines to surmise that Gray might or ought to have achieved something greater than his actual performance if he had lived in different conditions. "Perhaps, after all, he will survive by what we call his limitations, inasmuch as that poetry is the most securely immortal which has gained nothing and can lose nothing by the vicissitudes of sentiment and opinion. . . . The nineteenth century, which has learnt from [Wordsworth] that poetry is an inspiration, will still return to Gray to learn that it is also an art." We do not remember anything more exactly just than this in all the abundance of modern commentary.

Mr. Tovey's materials are derived, in the first place, from a manuscript collection of letters copied out by Mitford, and preserved in the British Museum. This collection appears never to have been thoroughly examined. Mr. Tovey himself professes not to have fully mastered its contents; but we suspect this only means that he has not read every line of every document, and, therefore, will not undertake to say that matter of interest may not lurk here and there in documents which he passed over, on a general survey, as unpromising. Life is too short for every word of all the MS. collections in the world to be read. The important thing is that when search is made it should be made by those who know what to look for, who have the tact of selection in what they find, and who will not directly or indirectly pretend to vouch for what they have not really verified. All these conditions are satisfied by Mr. Tovey, and it seems to us highly improbable that the industry of any future inquirer will convict his work of material error or omission. Gray's commonplace books at Pembroke College, Cambridge, have also been searched, but have been found to throw more light on West's memory than on Gray's.

The results of Mr. Tovey's labours are so carefully classified and digested by him that a reviewer has next to nothing to do in the way of explanation. In the first section of the volume we have a batch of unpublished letters which passed between Gray, Walpole, and Ashton in the years 1738-1741. This Ashton was a second-rate scholar who became a Fellow of King's and afterwards of Eton; we need not remind the reader that this, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was consistent with real merit, but was not evidence of it. He is now remembered only as having been the friend of Walpole, and, for a certain time, of Gray. He had some share in the well-known quarrel between Gray and Walpole which arose in the course of their Italian tour. What that share was is even more obscure than the ground of the quarrel itself, on which Mr. Tovey judiciously declines to have any positive opinion. We agree with him that the story of Walpole having opened a letter of Gray's is exceedingly improbable. Ashton's conduct, whatever it may have been, caused Gray to think very meanly of him; and the later reconciliation, complete as between Gray and Walpole, was merely formal and superficial as between Gray and Ashton. Mr. Tovey has read a good many of Ashton's letters which he does not publish; he asks us to take his word for it that we lose nothing. "Letters are not interesting because they are old; and distance lends no

\* *Gray and his Friends: Letters and Relics in great part hitherto unpublished.* Edited by Duncan C. Tovey, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1890.

enchantment to dulness." We are content to accept the assurance. The specimens of Ashton's letters to Gray and West which are given in this volume may be thought to justify contentment. If any man thinks otherwise, Mr. Tovey refers him to Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 32,562, at the end of Mitford's commonplace books.

West was a very different sort of person from Ashton. His early death deprived England certainly of an excellent scholar, perhaps of a respectable poet. Mr. Tovey has now for the first time brought together, as a whole, in the second section of this volume, West's correspondence and remains. Just half of the letters were unpublished. The republication of the other half was evidently proper, for the sake of completeness; and among that half are some of both Gray's and West's letters which one cannot see too often. There is a new letter of Gray's, with a dialogue of his books as they jostle one another on the shelves; a familiar trifle, but witty and pleasant. One turns from the correspondence between West at Oxford and Gray and Ashton at Cambridge with a certain regret for their old-fashioned, easy-going scholarship. No doubt they missed the finer points of Attic syntax, and sometimes made really bad mistakes in their Latin verses. They had not the modern scholar's apparatus for grappling with the text of Lucretius or Catullus. They did not trouble themselves with dialects and inscriptions, and their notions of art and archaeology hardly went behind the Græco-Roman period. They read Latin less critically than we do, but more largely. They had leisure to relish the poets of the silver age, and they enjoyed the aroma of Augustan literature in a way which the pressure of exact knowledge has almost closed for our modern generation. The tradition of reading Horace in masses, not dwelling too curiously on difficulties, was still alive at Eton twenty years ago. With all its drawbacks there was much good in it. Perhaps the intellectual aristocracy of eighteenth-century scholarship may revive one day, when we have given up pretending that all educated men know Latin and Greek. Hellenists and Latinists are destined to become a more sharply limited class, and the things which still seem technicalities to us who were brought up in the old public school routine will be their common stock. As it is, one may see and feel something of this among French scholars, who have always been few among the French reading public. To return to West, there is a pleasant flavour of independence about his Latin. He deliberately preferred the Propertian to the Ovidian couplet, and affected such lines as

Lymphæque muscoso prosiiliens lapide,

notwithstanding that Eton orthodoxy condemned, as it still condemns, them.

Among the minor contents of the book we shall chiefly note two letters from Miss Speed to Gray, one of them acknowledging the receipt of the *Long Story* in terms which, allowing for the epistolary manners of 1750, may almost be called enthusiastic. "Everybody that has seen it, is charm'd and Lady Cobham was the first, tho' not the last that regretted the loss of the 400 stanzas." As a sample of Mr. Tovey's scrupulous editorial care we may cite his note on this:—"Here 500 stanzas are missing," *Long Story*. I think I have transcribed Mitford accurately." The notes of travel extracted from Mr. John Morris's collection of Gray papers were, perhaps, barely worth printing; but in the case of a man of such fine quality as Gray, and who wrote so little, excess in publication is better than defect. The only specially remarkable point in Gray's artistic observations is a vehement dislike of Andrea del Sarto. Finally, Mr. Tovey produces evidence tending to show that some of the corrections of Shakespeare's text which have hitherto passed for Warburton's are really due to Gray.

#### TWO STORIES.\*

"HE was well dressed, and . . . there was nothing in his dressing that was in the least degree offensive to good or artistic taste." For "a heavy dark green overcoat, trimmed with astrakan, imparted to him rather a *distingué* air, that was further enhanced by his faultless kid gloves and the crimson silk handkerchief that was allowed just to slightly display itself from the outside breast-pocket of his overcoat." It was while travelling by railway that he was thus attired; he was a man from (and of) Manchester, and his name was Vecquerary. He called himself Vecquerary because his "very old Manchester family," which had "originally come from France," had borne the name of Vêquerie. On the journey for which he had arrayed himself in gules and vert he had for travelling companions a solicitor of fiendish malice and cunning called Hipcraft, carrying on a disreputable business in the Old Bailey immediately opposite Newgate prison, and a sprightly grass widow, passing for the genuine article under the style and title of Mrs. Sabena Neilsen. She put "Sabena" on her cards, not because it was supposed to be the name of the imaginary Mr. Neilsen, but in the manner affected by Mrs. George Butler and Mrs. Caird. As Mrs. Neilsen drove away from

the station in a cab, Vecquerary, referred to on this occasion only as "Mr. Vacquerary," "gracefully raised his highly-polished hat." Next day he determined to call upon Mrs. Neilsen and improve the acquaintance. For this purpose he "washed some of the London grime off him, arrayed himself in a spotless shirt and a brown velvet coat—an article of attire he had a great partiality for"—and set out, "looking very handsome and gentlemanly." A hasty reader might infer that he left some of the London grime on him; but the more accurate as well as the kinder construction would seem to be that he washed off as much of the London grime as was on him, which was not all the grime in London. This was at four o'clock, and as he took a hansom to Regent's Park, where Mrs. Neilsen lived, he must have got there between four and five. The lady received him clad "in an evening dress of blush-rose silk, which admirably suited her complexion"—and his brown velvet coat. There is a picture of this interview, and while the pink dress was certainly an evening dress, with a V-shaped opening in front, Vecquerary's coat appears to have been a frock-coat. Mrs. Neilsen had an adopted niece Muriel, and she was in evening dress too. Vecquerary paid them both "the most extravagant compliments," and "obtained an apparently unwilling consent to call again." The same evening he fell in with Hipcraft, who was also smitten with the fascinating Sabena, and boasted of his advance in the lady's good graces. This led to their calling each other *assez*, *blackguards*, and *infernal cads*, in a public billiard-room, whereby ultimately Vecquerary punched Hipcraft's head, for which amusement a Bow Street magistrate ordained that he should pay 10s. and "the prosecutor's medical expenses."

Now Hipcraft was a malignant and awful person, with a seditious spy in his permanent employ. Mr. Dick Donovan takes a strange pleasure in repeating that any one who "had wanted something to have likened him to" would probably have called him a *snake*. This he calls a "synoptical remark," and he observes elsewhere, "A basking crocodile on the banks of a tropical river could not prove more dangerous to an incautious traveller who ventured to sit on its head under the notion that it was a fallen tree." If one had to do business with a basking crocodile, it seems probable that its head would be about the safest seat it afforded. Be this as it may, all the harm that Hipcraft ever did to Vecquerary was to send an anonymous letter to Mrs. Vecquerary at Manchester, telling her of his goings on. This led to ructions, and Vecquerary consequently flirted with the supposed widow more vigorously than ever. He met her, by accident, at the Crystal Palace, where she "looked even more charming than usual, for she wore a bonnet of grey velvet trimmed with red, and a magnificent cloak edged with real blue fox fur. She was an artist in her dressing." He wore "an overcoat [probably the green one] trimmed at the collar and cuffs with fur, while his hands were clad in perfect-fitting kid gloves of canary colour," and he met her afterwards by arrangement at her own house and at divers places of entertainment. It may be incidentally mentioned here that the niece Muriel had fallen in with an aristocratic young man from the Foreign Office, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Oriel Verecourt, who one day said to her, "I want to be your lover," and added, "I am, in fact, your lover now, because I love you; but I want you to acknowledge me in that character." She answered that he flattered her, and he rejoined that she estimated herself too lightly, and "after more bandying of passages of this kind, she confessed that she loved him. So they kissed each other," and Mrs. Neilsen, as Muriel's guardian, "approved of the love-making," but six weeks after this approval was given, "Mr. Verecourt had not asked Muriel if she would be his wife." The episode is mentioned only as illustrating the manners of ladies with whom married men from Manchester, in the view of Mr. Dick Donovan, carry on metropolitan flirtations. One night at a theatre Mrs. Neilsen saw her husband, whose name was Tortolini. She said she had "come over quite faint," left the building, wrote to Vecquerary that their flirtation must cease, and fled to Hastings. He pursued, wrote to her for one last interview, and, "clad in a heavy top-coat, trimmed with fur," met her on the beach one dark and stormy evening. She said they must part for ever, and was immediately shot dead by Tortolini, who happened to be "contagious" to the place of their meeting. Vecquerary was charged with the murder, and his brother came to Hastings and prowled about the beach with Verecourt, who alone believed in Vecquerary's innocence, dressed, as far as can be gathered from the picture, in the identical old green, fur-trimmed coat. It was kind of the police to let him have it. Eventually everything was explained; Vecquerary was forgiven by his wife, and, as we learn with immense relief in the penultimate paragraph, Oriel Verecourt "held" Muriel "to his breast" in the acknowledged character of "his affianced wife."

*Phil* is a book about a boy at school. The period is 1829-33. The boys talked of how somebody "got quite chummy," and called out "good old" somebody or other, just as if they had wished to see our times, and had seen them and were glad. When—as invariably happens in such works—the hero was suspected of theft, the headmaster observed, "with an emphatic fist-blow upon the table," that the larceny "would be a stigma upon the whole school as long as the thief remained unmasked"; and when the hero had left school and gone to Cambridge, he prepared himself for honours by the study of "a legal textbook," for all the world as if he had been a candidate for the law tripos established fifty years after. At a cricket-match, however, "A drop of rain fell on several noses at that moment,"

\* *The Man from Manchester*. By Dick Donovan, Author of "The Man-Hunter" &c. With Twenty-three Illustrations by J. H. Russell. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

*Phil: a Story of School Life*. By Alfred Harper. London: Digby & Long.



and drops of rain certainly do not run so large nowadays. Phil is a particularly poor little piece of rubbish, and the reader will share the relief of the author when he puts, in his own words, his "feeble pen back on its restful rack."

#### HAWTHORNE.\*

ALTHOUGH it was long known by those who knew, and finally revealed to the world by Mr. Julian Hawthorne's extremely Hamitic biography of his father, that the author of *The House of the Seven Gables* was a very unpleasant and blooded person, on the whole it has always been clear that he was not destitute of charm when he chose. His wife apparently adored him as few wives have adored their husbands, and his friends, if uncommonly few, were also more than commonly fast and faithful. Mr. Moncure Conway writes as one of them, though a late and not an intimate one. But we are bound to admit that he does not abuse the privileges of friendship. Perhaps the fact that Hawthorne went near to blaspheming the special God of Mr. Conway's idolatry, the right of Northern Americans to be Abolitionists at their Southern brothers' expense, may have something to do with the fact that he can see spots in the Hawthornian sun. Perhaps the other fact that Mr. Conway has been long resident in England, and knows us pretty well, may account for his frank confession that Hawthorne was utterly in the wrong—was, indeed, in that worst wrong of all which makes a man talk about that which he not merely does not understand, but has not given himself the trouble of attempting to understand—when he wrote the abusive folly of *Our Old Home*. At any rate, on such points his book is straightforward and satisfactory. It is rather less straightforward on the recently discovered matter of the Cilley duel, the account of which rather tangled tale is further tangled here. But on the whole Mr. Conway has given his facts very well. In the natural comparison with the book which Mr. Henry James wrote for Mr. Morley's series some dozen years ago, it has, of course, to be remembered that Mr. Conway has had the advantage of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book, and of much else that was unpublished when Mr. James wrote. We reviewed Mr. Julian Hawthorne's very injudicious (to use no worse word) performance very fully when it appeared, and, as this is little more than a summary of it, we need not add much. It is impossible to like Hawthorne as presented even by the most partial of his biographers, and each fresh biography only helps to show more clearly how unlikeable he was. There is, however, one curious piece of something like cant in Mr. Conway's book which may be worth a few words. Mr. Conway appears to be equally angry with the neglect of his own country to patronize authors as authors (owing, he thinks, to her bad copyright system), and with the "spoils to the victors" plan by which Hawthorne alternately profited and lost. The copyright system may be bad, and the spoils system may be bad; but we cannot but think that Mr. Conway is rather unjust towards his country in this particular instance. After all, America, in her own way, did provide for Hawthorne three times over, and on the last occasion provided very solidly. Nor can we see that Mr. Conway is at all happy in applying that strange notion of the duty of a country to subsidize (having first discovered them) its men of genius which he seems to share with other persons from whom more intelligence might be expected. We all think that we are, or under favourable circumstances might have developed into, persons of genius; and, therefore, we are all bribed to look on this notion favourably. But is it so? Is it in particular so in the case of Hawthorne? When he left college, rather late for an American, it is admitted that he did not make the faintest attempt to provide himself with a profession or a livelihood of any kind. He ate not, indeed, the "enraged cow," but the lotus for a few years absolutely, for many years without any attempt to do more than write some fancy sketches. He was thirty-five when he turned weigher and gauger at Boston; and, after his two years' service there, being anxious to marry and having saved the not magnificent, but still useful, sum of a thousand dollars, he must needs invest and lose it in the tomfoolery of Brook Farm. In his second tenure of office he undoubtedly (though it was from no fault of his that he lost it) made himself unpopular. His rich Liverpool post chiefly gave him occasion to growl equally at the country which was as hospitable to him as he chose to let it, and at the country which gave other people seventeen thousand dollars wherewith to idle in Paris. He was, in short, helped by America as very few Englishmen have been helped by England, and he was a difficult man to help.

Enough of this, however. Mr. Conway's book will serve very well as a general introduction—biographical rather than critical, it is true—to Hawthorne. Criticism on him in the best sense of the word is, indeed, rather far to seek. M. Emile Montégut's *Un Romanier pessimiste* (a title which seems to give Mr. Conway some rather unintelligible pause) is perhaps the best; but the very cleverest French criticism of English or American work always leaves several sides of the matter unconsidered because unseen. Mankind in relation to works of art are usually divisible into four classes—those who like but do not understand, those who understand but do not like, those who neither like nor under-

stand, and those who do both. Clearly the last class alone can be drawn upon to furnish wholly satisfactory criticism, and we think it is rather a small class in the case of Hawthorne, who is subject to the further peculiarity that his manner and his themes are very singularly assorted, or rather contrasted with each other; the themes being idealist in the highest degree, the manner distinctly materialist. But it is no part of our duty or wish to attempt to criticize Hawthorne here. It is sufficient for us to speak well of Mr. Conway's Life of him, which we can do on the whole very conscientiously. Only—only—we should like to know why Mr. Conway talks of Hawthorne's having "helped to raise the terrible Frankenstein"? Poor Frankenstein, alas! was terrified, not terrible.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, VENICE, 1558-1580.\*

THIS Calendar contains the latest results of the valuable labours of Mr. Rawdon Brown in a field of research which was peculiarly his own. The duty of accomplishing the work left uncompleted at the time of his death was assigned to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck as his friend and executor, who has ably discharged it. Mr. Bentinck in his Preface errs, if at all, upon the side of over-brevity, but has failed to notice no salient feature of historical moment. The despatches comprised in the Calendar date from 1558 to 1580, perhaps the most critical, if the least brilliant, period in the reign of Elizabeth. It is disappointing, *prima facie*, to find that the Venetian Republic during these years had no authorized Ambassador at her Court, and that the Signory depended for its knowledge of English affairs upon the reports of its envoys at the Courts of France, Spain, and the Empire. The cessation of the diplomatic relations which had subsisted between Venice and England until nearly the close of the preceding reign is sufficiently explained by the ecclesiastical revolution inaugurated by the accession of Elizabeth. Consequent upon her repudiation of Papal supremacy, and the changes she sanctioned in the doctrine and ritual of the Church, the influence of the Holy See over its partisans in the Senate was persistently exerted to defeat any proposal that a State still loyally Catholic should recognize the claims of an heretical and excommunicated pretender to the English throne. The serious detriment which the interests of the Venetian merchants in England suffered in the absence of an accredited envoy there, acted as a continual stimulus to the commercial party in the Senate to bring about a renewal of diplomatic intercourse. Their efforts were aided by Elizabeth herself, who by indirect channels repeatedly expressed her resentment at the neglect shown to her, since her accession, by a power with whose representative she had always been on cordial terms during her sister's lifetime. All endeavours proved unavailing to overcome the pressure brought to bear upon the Doge by the Papal Nuncio, whose opposition was successfully maintained down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. The deficiency of reports at first hand from the English Court proves, however, to be less grave a loss than it appears at the outset. The opinion which Mr. Rawdon Brown frequently reiterated, that "the Signory imposed the strictest obligations upon their diplomatic representatives to communicate in writing to their Government all matters which came under their notice without any reserve whatever," receives ample justification from these records. No State can ever have been better served than Venice by its diplomats abroad. Her envoys at Paris, Madrid, Brussels, and Vienna thought it incumbent upon them to collect from every source within reach, and by every available means (sometimes "very secret" and "confidential"), whatever information respecting the political and social condition of any foreign Power might be of service to the Signory, and to report it with the utmost frankness. From their point of view, the affairs of England, Scotland, and Ireland were as much within their province of inquiry as those of the countries to which they were respectively accredited. Notices of the gossip and scandal of Court and street, whispers and suspicions of plots and intrigues, the personal habits of public characters, and copies of private letters, were not too trivial to be intermingled in their despatches with narrations of political events, international treaties, and the text of official documents. Though naturally prejudiced in favour of nations which adhered to the Roman communion, and sincerely adverse to the success of "the new religion," they allowed no prepossession to blind them to the inherent corruption of the Papal system, the crimes of professing Catholics, the rapid spread of Protestantism in Europe, or the ability and courage which distinguished its leading advocates. Dependent as they partly were upon rumours, often conflicting, and hearsay statements, usually exaggerated, they occasionally fell into error; but, upon the whole, managed to arrive at no great distance from the truth.

The various interest of the subjects embraced in their outspoken communications renders it difficult to make a selection from them; but the initiation and development of Elizabeth's policy justly claim precedence. Of the events which marked the first six months of her reign a series of detailed reports is furnished by a Mantuan visitor to England, subscribing himself "Il Schifanoja," a name derived from a district in his native State. He

\* *Calendar of State Papers, &c., relating to English Affairs, in the Archives of Venice, &c.* Vol. VII. 1558-1580. Edited by the late Rawdon Brown and the Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

\* *Great Writers—Hawthorne.* By Moncure D. Conway. London: Walker Scott. 1890.

appears to have been a member of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which Mary had re-established, and after its final suppression, became attached to the household of Monsignor Priuli, the executor of Cardinal Pole, then temporarily residing in London. The accounts he gives of the Queen's first entry into the City, the ceremonies of her coronation and opening of Parliament, and her banquet to the French Ambassadors at Whitehall, present a lively picture of the scene, and testify to the popular rejoicing with which her accession was welcomed. The statutory changes in Church and State immediately effected by the Legislature, the deprivation of the bishops who refused to repudiate the Pope's supremacy, the suppression of monastic bodies, the gradual abandonment and eventual prohibition of the Mass, and the frequent excesses into which fanatical reformers were betrayed, are briefly but graphically described. The testimony borne by this comparatively unskilled and unaccredited spectator to the independence and acuteness which the young Queen displayed at home, was abundantly confirmed by the trained diplomatists whose intimate relations with the Ministers of France, Spain, and the Empire afforded them the best opportunities of observing her exhibition of these qualities abroad. As early as March 1559, Tiepolo, the Venetian envoy at Brussels, reports that an emissary recently despatched to her from Philip II. "bestows upon her as much praise for talent and ability as was ever given to any woman." A little later Tiepolo describes her as "by nature high-spirited," and having "become yet more so owing to her good fortune and to the many physical and moral endowments which she possesses; so she has lofty designs, and promises herself success in all of them." He proceeds to remark upon the skill with which she protracts making a decision among the many suitors for her hand, "and keeps them all in hope," so that she may reap advantage from their rivalry in case of need. Suriano, the envoy to France in 1561, pays a similar tribute to Elizabeth's "courage" and "great power of mind," which enables her to "decline to rely upon any one save herself." He displays a keen perception of the dangers of her position between France, Scotland, and Spain, and hazards a prediction (which, had Elizabeth been allowed free action, might well have been verified) that England will always remain in alliance with Spain, "from fear of being harassed by France, which already possesses Calais and Boulogne this side of England, and the kingdom of Scotland on the other." As, under the stress of events then unforeseen, she was driven to adapt her policy to novel circumstances, the "defects of her qualities" became more apparent, and her critics mingled their praises of her determination and prudence with reflections upon her craft and duplicity. To the former charge, Elizabeth undoubtedly laid herself open by the ingenuity with which she contrived to protect and subsidize the Huguenot rebels in France, while avoiding a positive breach of her treaty of peace with their King. To do her justice, however, she frankly announced that this was her deliberate aim. In reply to the reproaches with which Henry III. and the Queen-Mother, Catherine, assailed her conduct, she instructed her ambassador Paulet to avow that the bitter persecution to which "the unfortunate professors of the reformed religion" were subjected, constrained her "as their protectress" to "assist them in such a way as was open to her without infringing the league which she had contracted with this Crown." In another despatch, which vindicated her motives in countenancing a rebellion provoked by the King's intolerance, she took a higher tone. "Whoever will consider the small benefit which she has received by these disorders, and the opportunities which she has had of augmenting her own dominions, must confess that Her Majesty has not allowed herself to be controlled either by prospect of gain or of ambition. She does not demand the rights of others; she rules by justice; she maintains her subjects in peace; she fears no other princes." However disinterested her action may have been, it would inevitably have resulted in war but for restraining causes which did not escape the observant eyes of the Venetian bystanders. Writing from Paris in 1568, Giustinian unreservedly explains that "this most Christian King is compelled by necessity to hold friendly relations with the kingdom of England . . . chiefly because he cannot undertake any warlike operations unless he be friendly with the English, who are greatly feared by the French; in fact, 10,000 English are worth 20,000 French. In former times they overran the whole of France. . . . Another reason is that England is very wealthy, which fact renders the nation a desirable ally in any war, especially against the common enemy, who is the Emperor." From the charge of duplicity no candid apologist of Elizabeth can absolve her, whatever excuses he may find for her conduct under difficult circumstances. The inconsistency between her language when Mary Stuart besought her protection and her subsequent behaviour, and the countenance she secretly lent to the scheme of her suitor Anjou to obtain the throne of Flanders, while openly expressing disapproval of it, present an unfavourable aspect of her character which the Venetian recorders do not fail to mirror. Not less faithful are their criticisms upon Mary herself. Prepossessed as they are in her favour, as well by her beauty and misfortunes as by her tenacious adhesion to the ancient faith, her shameless marriage with Bothwell, "a man more suspected than any one of having plotted the death of the late King," and who had obtained a divorce from his lawful wife by a collusive expedient sanctioned "by the doctrines of Calvin," excites their unconcealed repulsion. They account it as the gravest consequence of her crime, in accordance with "the general opinion," that "the Catholic reli-

gion" in Scotland, which depended upon her support, is now "deprived of all hope of ever again raising its head." From a later despatch we learn what was the verdict of her relatives at the French Court upon her conduct, in spite of the defence she made for it. "The Ambassador of the Queen of Scotland has applied for assistance to these Majesties, and was told in reply that the Queen had behaved so ill, and made herself so hateful to her subjects, that their Majesties were unable either to give her help or advice." The phrase "these Majesties" is noteworthy as attesting the important part played by another remarkable woman in the history of this period. The dominant personality of Catherine de' Medici has left its impress upon all the Venetian reports from France, and cast every other into the shade. During the reigns of each of her sons in succession, her will was paramount; no affairs of State could be transacted without her approval, and in her absence from Paris the Government was at a standstill. But for the significant abstraction from the Venetian archives of all despatches from France between February 24th, 1572, and April 6th, 1573, the period which covered the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there can be no doubt that her prominence in the political group portrayed in this volume would be more marked even than it is.

Of the other historical personages who figure most frequently upon the stage, Philip II. stands first. A report by Michael Suriano, Ambassador at his Court in 1561, contains some curious particulars respecting his physique and personal habits. A larger space than he deserved is occupied by the worthless Alençon, or Anjou, whose ambitious and restless spirit kept three kingdoms in a turmoil during his brief career. The unaccountable fascination he seems to have possessed for Elizabeth is attested by one of her love-letters to him, "a clandestine copy of which Lippomano, the Venetian envoy at Paris, contrived to obtain. The "romance of history" fares badly at the hands of such pitiless photographers as these Venetians. Don Carlos, the unloved son of Philip II., whose princely qualities, hopeless passion for his beautiful stepmother, and tragic fate have been idealized by Schiller, here figures as an ungracious, discourteous youth "of diminutive stature," "continually subject to quarrelsome," and "so weak and feeble" that his aunt Joanna, who had designs of marrying him, turned her thoughts elsewhere. Elizabeth de Valois, the supposed object of his passion, is represented as having lost her girlish beauty by two attacks of small-pox, which left her face so pitted that she refused to be seen. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who calls attention to this case of disenchantment, has, oddly enough, failed to notice a still more striking instance of it. Writing in March, 1563, Barbaro, the envoy at Paris, reports, on the faith of letters received from Scotland, that a Huguenot Frenchman who had followed Mary Stuart there, was found one night under her bed, "with sword and dagger, and booted and spurred. He said that he acted thus from love, but others declare that he intended to murder the Queen, and it is reported that this man has been beheaded." Barbaro's next despatch records the confirmation of this story, which he has obtained from Mme. de Guise, who states that the culprit, "when taken, confessed to having been sent by" a Huguenot lady at the French Court, "so that by this means she might defame that Queen, in order to thwart any marriage that might be treated for her." Who can recognize in this wretched poltroon the love-maddened but chivalrous hero of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, *Pierre Chastelard*?

Incidental notices of many other celebrities, worthy and unworthy, of Sidney, Cecil, Walsingham, Leicester, Condé, and Don John of Austria among the number, will reward the student of this Calendar. The task of searching it has been rendered a light one by Mr. Kirk's serviceable index.

#### A LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.\*

IF the present day were to be described from a biographical standpoint, it might fitly be defined as an age given to the production of small Lives of great men and great Lives of small men. There are so many cheap series of biographies of eminent persons in course of publication that it is rather odd that the life of so great a man as Beethoven has hitherto been neglected by the small biographer. The reason doubtless is that Sir George Grove's admirable article in the *Dictionary of Music*, of which he is the editor, tells all that is wanted about the great composer, and, moreover, tells it in a manner which it would be hard to surpass. But even the *Dictionary of Music* is not within everybody's means; and Mr. Rudall's little volume—the last issued in the series of biographies of great musicians of which the late Dr. Hueffer was the original editor—will doubtless supply a want, especially as it can be honestly recommended as a straightforward and trustworthy piece of work. Mr. Rudall cannot claim to rank with the best biographers; but, as far as the limits of his book go, he has been successful in writing a plain and readable narrative. He does not attempt to throw any light upon the strange contradictions of Beethoven's character, or to account for the undoubted fact that the composer of the most truly inspired music which the world has yet heard was personally one of the most uncivilized of men. Doubtless in this he has

\* *The Great Musicians*. Edited by the late Dr. F. Hueffer. *Beethoven*. By H. A. Rudall. London: Sampson Low & Co.



been well advised; for too much insistence cannot be laid upon the fact which biographers frequently forget—namely, that the personality of an artist, and especially of a musician, must always be separated from the work he produces. Even within the modest limits of the "Great Musicians" Series, it cannot always have been easy to prevent the biography from descending into a mere catalogue of the composer's compositions, and in overcoming this difficulty Mr. Rudall has met with more success than in any other part of his book. The narrative is clear and unhampered by technicalities, and if it were not for the eccentric way in which proper names are spelt, would be entitled to almost unreserved praise. It is too bad of Mr. Rudall to adopt the impossible spelling *Ludwig* van Beethoven for the composer's name. If attention was to be drawn to his Flemish origin, the form *Lodewijk* would have been at least consistent; under no circumstances could *Ludwig* be correct, and when the signature to the mysterious love-letter (reprinted on p. 73 from Thayer's Life) is given in this form, it amounts to a serious misrepresentation. Mr. Rudall has also succeeded in adding one more to the nine various ways of spelling the pianist Woelff's name which are enumerated in Dr. Mee's excellent account of that artist in Grove's Dictionary. In the course of two pages the musician is called Woelff six times, so the printer cannot be responsible for this blunder, as he may be for turning *Heirathspartie* into *Hierathspartie* on p. 106. But these mistakes are palpable, and, therefore, not very serious, and, on the whole, the book is thoroughly to be recommended.

#### ROCHDALE PARISH.\*

THE town of Rochdale is best known to this generation as the home of Mr. John Bright and the birthplace of modern co-operation. But it has a history, though not an eventful one, which stretches far back into the dim past. Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans have left traces of their occupation of the district, and though it has not been the scene of any battle or of any of the great events with which the national historian busies himself, yet there is ample material for those who regard the gradual growth of local institutions and industries as the real history of the people.

Mr. Fishwick is already known as an industrious, painstaking, and accurate writer on the topography of his native county, and he is especially at home in dealing with the parish of Rochdale, with which he is associated by many ties of kinship and public service. He excludes Saddleworth from his survey, as, although connected ecclesiastically with Rochdale, it really belongs to Yorkshire. Even when that picturesque district is omitted, the old parish of Rochdale is of mammoth size, extending to 41,828 statute acres. The historian of Rochdale has literally a wide field in which to expatiate, and in Mr. Fishwick's handsome quarto volume of five hundred and eighty-six pages there is little, if anything, that the critic would desire to see omitted. The style is straightforward, sober, and equally free from pretence and effort. It is a piece of solid, honest work, for which, when there is so much "scamping," it behoves us to be grateful. The printer and publisher also deserve a word of praise for the manner in which the book has been produced.

As we have already casually mentioned, Rochdale can claim an antiquity that stretches into the prehistoric past. Although the evidences of the remotest period are few, they are conclusive. Unpolished flints have been found in twenty-five places, a polished celt was discovered in the river gravel during the excavation of a reservoir; these, with one or two barbed arrow-heads, are all that speak of the pre-Roman inhabitants. The Roman remains are somewhat more numerous, and include the beautiful arm of a silver statue, dedicated to Victory, of the Sixth Legion. An object that has aroused a somewhat keen discussion among local antiquaries is the so-called Roman road over Blackstone Edge. The peculiarity of this moorland road is, that a groove about seventeen inches wide runs down its centre. Whether the road is Roman or later; whether the trough has been chiselled or worn, and what is the precise object of the trough, are still under discussion. After the Conquest Rochdale appears to have been held, at least in part, under Roger de Poitou, by Gamel the thane, who had been owner in the Saxon times. On Roger de Poitou falling into royal disfavour, some of his estates went to swell the great domains of the De Lacys. During the two hundred years the Earls of Lincoln held the manor, they conferred the advowson of the church on the Abbey of Stanlaw, and obtained the right to hold a weekly market and an annual fair. The heir of the De Lacys conveyed the manor to the Dukes of Lancaster, and it eventually became Crown property. The Byron family, who had for a long time been the local representatives of the lords of the manor, obtained a lease of the lordship from the Crown in 1585. There were three Sir Johns in succession, known respectively as "Sir John with the great beard," "Sir John with the peaked beard," and "swearing Sir John." The last-named, however, had a handsome post-mortem testimonial from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who deplored the "grievous loss of so virtuous, kynd, and deare friend, who truly honoured and feared God all his lyffe." On the expiry of the lease the manor was sold by the Crown, and, after changing hands twice, was secured by the

cavalier Sir John Byron, afterwards first Lord Byron of Rochdale, and, except for a short time during the Commonwealth, the Byrons were lords of the manor of Rochdale until 1823, when it was sold by the poet Lord to Mr. James Dearden, to put an end to a long, tedious, and costly litigation.

The industrial history of Rochdale is of interest. In early times the growth of wool was the staple industry, although iron smelting was known in the fourteenth century. In the sixteenth century, however, the manufacturing of the wool into cloth, which had previously to a large extent been carried on abroad, was now done at home, so that each farmer was to some extent also a clothier. About the same time the inhabitants began to develop mines for the coal and minerals which abounded, the previous efforts in that direction already named being of a very crude nature. Another evidence of the growth in importance of the neighbourhood is the fact that as early as 1561 John Ashworth, a cutler, was carrying on business in Rochdale, and, if tradition is to be believed, his family came from Sheffield in the previous century. A William Hallows was also working as a cutler in Rochdale in 1588, and a year or two earlier one of the pioneers of the hat-making industry was buried there. In the seventeenth century the clothier became a person of great importance, and often employed a large number of persons, who received from him the wool and returned it to him as cloth, the manufacturing being done at their own homes. This method survived into the present century, when the home industry finally succumbed to the factory system. Among the first of the old manufacturers to recognize the possibilities of the cotton factory were the Fieldens, whose immense works at Todmorden are at present amongst the largest in the parish of Rochdale. The first Rochdale cotton mill was built in 1795. Of the history of the town during the present century, Mr. Fishwick gives a very meagre account, and the rapid growth of the old-fashioned village into the thriving borough is passed over with very little attention. He has, however, found space to mention the origin of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, which from a humble beginning in 1844 has developed into an immense business. Some idea of the extent of the Pioneers' development may be gained from the statement that the 74 members of 1845 had increased to 11,278 in 1888, and the profits on a year's working from 22l. in 1845 to 47,119l. in 1888. Besides being a successful commercial undertaking, the society is a considerable educational force in the borough, and has provided for its members a reference and lending library and numerous newsrooms. Rochdale received its charter of incorporation in 1856, its first mayor being Mr. Jacob Bright, who was elected by a slender majority over Mr. Albert H. Roys, whose death has been announced since Mr. Fishwick's "History" was issued.

Having finished his sketch of the general history of the parish and borough, Mr. Fishwick gives the history of the several townships that form the parish, and passes in review the annals of Castleton, Spotland, Hundersfield, and Butterworth. The first of these divisions derived its name, according to Mr. Fishwick, from an ancient Saxon castle, which is not named in Domesday. Hence our author supposes that it was razed to the ground prior to the date of the Norman survey. That a castle formerly existed on Castle Hill is, doubtless, true, for in charters of the end of the twelfth century mention is made of the "vill of the castle of Rachedal," but that the castle existed in ante-Norman times requires proof. A large portion of Castleton and of Spotland fell into the hands of the monks of Stanlaw, and of their successors of Whalley. Spotland township includes the hamlet of Whitworth, which was for a long time celebrated throughout England as the residence of the Whitworth doctors. The founder of the family was John Taylor, a farrier, who obtained a widespread reputation as a successful bone-setter. So great was his fame that he was sent for to attend the Princess Elizabeth, on which occasion he amused and astonished the Court by his blunt manners. Mr. Fishwick is writing history and not gossip, and therefore does not repeat the oft-told tale of the worthy "surgeon" slapping the Queen on the back and complimenting her on the comely appearance of her daughters. The Taylor family continued in practice as surgeons at Whitworth for about a hundred years, the last representative dying in 1876. Hundersfield includes the two thriving towns of Todmorden and Littleborough, the former of which owes its rapid growth and present importance to the firm of Fielden Brothers already named.

After the township histories Mr. Fishwick gives a history of the parish church, its organs, bells, chapels, and pews. The church is dedicated to the Saxon St. Chad, and is supposed to be on the site of a church dating from before the Conquest. It has undergone considerable alterations during this century, and there appears to be very little of the old church left. The Trinity Chapel of Rochdale Church was founded in 1487, and is said to have formerly contained much that was of interest to the historian and antiquary; but, falling into the hands of Mr. Dearden in 1823, he improved away everything that interfered with his design of erecting memorials to his "ancestors." Mr. Dearden placed in the chapel brasses and slabs to the memory of *soi-disant* Deardens of several centuries, and each memorial was at least intended to be in the style of the era to which it was supposed to belong. In the centre of the chapel is a cross-legged effigy of a warrior of the Dearden tribe, and a bishop, with crozier and mitre, reposes by his side. It is rather difficult to tell what the ecclesiastical authorities could have been doing to allow such vandalism; for the whole of the individuals commemorated by the sham

\* The History of the Parish of Rochdale in the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. Rochdale: James Clegg. London: Elliot Stock.

antique stones and brasses were purely imaginary personages, for Mr. Dearden's actual pedigree was traceable no further back than the seventeenth century. Leaving the parish church for a time, Mr. Fishwick gives histories of the ancient chapels-of-ease, rendered necessary by the immense size of the parish. Of Whitworth the most notable thing seems to be the fact that Canon Parkinson, author of *The Old Church Clock*, was for a time incumbent. Todmorden Chapel includes amongst its clergy Henry Crabtree, the astrologer, Mr. Fishwick's account of whom would have been improved had he consulted a paper by Mr. John Evans in the *Manchester Quarterly*, 1882, where are given some curious extracts relating to Crabtree from the Surey Demoniac controversy, and William Grimshaw, afterwards of Haworth. The curates of Milnrow seem to have been, with one exception, particularly uninteresting. The exception was, of course, Francis Robert Raines, F.S.A., a most industrious and careful antiquary, whose MSS. collections, now in the Chetham Library, Manchester, Mr. Fishwick frequently and frankly acknowledges as the source of information not otherwise easily attainable. The numerous modern churches in the ancient parish are mentioned, though, of course, not with the detail given to the earlier ones. Could not Mr. Fishwick have spared a line or two to mention that the incumbent of one of these churches was the father of Dr. Keningale Cook, whose early death a few years ago removed one of the few persons of any literary distinction who have been born in Rochdale? Mr. Fishwick reverts to the parish church again, after the chapter on the Chapelries, which divides the account of its fabric from the lives of its incumbents. The presentation to Rochdale Church was long vested in ecclesiastics, the Abbot of Whalley being patron from a very early period until the Dissolution of the Monasteries, when he was succeeded by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Considering the great value of the living, the vicars of Rochdale can hardly be called a remarkable set of clergymen. Henry Tilson, Vicar from 1615-1635, became Bishop of Elphin; Samuel Dunster, 1722-1754, is the clergyman whom Lady Cowper heard preach "an intolerable dull sermon to the degree of an opiate," and Dr. Drake, 1790-1819, incurred some unpopularity by reading the Riot Act on the occasion of an outbreak in which two men were killed. The next vicar, William Robert Hay, a barrister as well as a clergyman, was also extremely unpopular amongst a section of his parishioners. His presentation was looked upon as a reward for his services to the Government in suppressing the Manchester Reform meeting at Peterloo in August 1819. Whatever the cause, Mr. Hay was long a favourite subject for the satire of Rochdale Radicals, many of whose poetical productions are preserved in Raines's *Vicars of Rochdale*. Perhaps the dignity of history has prevented Mr. Fishwick inserting any of these verses in his sober volume; but as a sign of the temper of the times it may be well to cite a verse that was pasted on Rochdale parish church door towards the end of 1831, especially as Raines gives no copy of it:—

Old Beswicke's dead and gone to Hell;  
Where Crossley's gone no man can tell.  
Pray, good devil, don't long delay  
To fetch Clement Royds and Parson Hay.

The other three of the quartet were highly respected magistrates whose political views happened not to coincide with those of the "poet." Hay, whose fiercest admirer could not say much for him, was succeeded by Dr. Molesworth, who also succeeded to a quarrel with the parishioners on the Church rates. This quarrel lasted for several years, and is perhaps best remembered from the fact that it was at one of the meetings in opposition to the rates that Mr. John Bright made one of his earliest, if not his very earliest, public appearances as an orator. Dr. Molesworth was a most voluminous writer and a very able man, and his long occupation of the living, commenced in the heat of the Church rates agitation, was concluded almost forty years later, when he had obtained the respect of all parties in the town.

In the chapter on Nonconformity in Rochdale, Mr. Fishwick gives the lives of the ministers, but some of these are inadequate, and others, to some extent, inaccurate. Henry Pendlebury and Josiah Owen, both men of mark in their day, have considerable space devoted to them. But the Mr. Bolton who is stated to have died at Rochdale in 1772 is mentioned in a "History of Monton Chapel," near Eccles, as having been stationed at Monton from June 1771 until his death in 1773, and Franklin Howorth (not Howarth, as Mr. Fishwick has his name) could hardly have resigned the pastorate of one Unitarian church on account of his Trinitarian views, and immediately have become minister of another Unitarian church in a neighbouring town. We believe that Mr. Howorth's conversion did not take place until over twenty years after leaving Rochdale. The lists of ministers of the dissenting chapels do not contain many names of interest. Amongst them, however, was James Burgess, author of "Beelzebub Driving and Drowning his Hogs" (1770), a sermon divided into three heads, under which the Devil verified three old English proverbs—namely, "The Devil will play at small game rather than none at all," "They run fast whom the Devil drives," and "The Devil brings his hogs to a fine market." The Society of Friends was an important body in Rochdale, and many of the leading citizens were Quakers. The Wesleyans and other religious bodies also receive a little attention at the hands of Mr. Fishwick, who, however, ignores the temperance movement, although it had at one time the advantage of the oratory of John Bright.

The grammar school at Rochdale, founded in 1565 by Archbishop Parker, has had an uneventful history, and the masters would appear, judging from Mr. Fishwick's meagre accounts of them, to have had equally uneventful careers. One or two additional facts about Robert Marland, schoolmaster to 1610, might have been found in the *Caius College Admissions*, and about Lawrence Ormerod in Ormerod's *Parentalia*, and Foster's *Lancashire Pedigrees*. There are a number of other schools in the parish besides Archbishop Parker's; of these, Milnrow is chiefly notable for having been for many years under the mastership of John Collier, otherwise Tim Bobbin, whose dialect writings are so well known. Several of Tim Bobbin's children were authors, and all of them eccentric; and, as many anecdotes of the family are on record, it is matter for regret that Mr. Fishwick has completely ignored the younger members of this interesting family. The charities of the town are numerous. The foundress of the Holt's charity for teaching poor girls provided that each girl, on leaving school, was to have presented to her a Bible, a Common Prayer book, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and *The Christian Monitor*!

In this, as in his previous topographical works, Mr. Fishwick devotes a large section to the Old Houses and Old Families. The old houses of Rochdale parish mostly date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and many of them are half timbered. Only in a very few instances are they occupied by the descendants of their builders, whose families have either become extinct or have left the neighbourhood, their places being taken by successful manufacturers, by whose industry and enterprise the wealth and position of the town and parish has been attained. The family histories, as related by Mr. Fishwick, are rarely of much human interest. Only occasionally does he wander from the straight path of genealogical dullness, and even then only when the legal documents on which his genealogies are based are themselves curious. But Mr. Fishwick is a trustworthy, if not a picturesque, genealogist, and his researches are often of permanent value. The pedigree of Crossley of Scatcliffe is an instance of this. The ordinary pedigrees give the successive heads of the family during the sixteenth century as Richard, John, and Anthony, and no names of wives are given. Mr. Fishwick shows, on the evidence of wills and Duchy pleadings, that the descent should be Richard, Richard, and Anthony; and he has also found out the Christian names of the wives of the two first. Clegg Hall is the locality haunted by the Clegg Hall Boggart, as narrated in Roby's *Lancashire Traditions*. It was the residence of the Belfields, and two sisters of the family are recorded to have been married whilst very young—one of them at seven years of age—to boy husbands, and to have both been divorced as soon as they came to years of discretion. This would be an unusual and an unexpected ending to the match-making of their parents. The more important of the older families were the Crossleys, the Chadwicks, and the Haworths; of the recent families the Royds, the Newalls, and the Fieldens. The Royds family have been engaged in the banking business in the town for several generations; the Newalls were manufacturers, a fact Mr. Fishwick does not make clear in his pedigree. Three members of the manufacturing family of Fielden have been in Parliament; the first being the John Fielden who acquired fame as the factory operatives' friend in the struggle for the Ten Hours Bill. This Fielden pedigree is, to our thinking, the best in the book, for by it the reader can trace the gradual development of the family from yeomen to manufacturers and landed gentlemen. A page is devoted to the Bright family, but Mr. Fishwick has been afraid to treat them with any detail because they have been settled in the parish for such a short time—only a matter of eighty or ninety years. Still, one would have thought that the family to which Rochdale owes its greatest son (apart from conspicuous local services) was entitled to full treatment. We miss, also, the pedigree of the Fenton family, to which belonged Rochdale's first member of Parliament. The last chapter is rightly entitled "Miscellany," for into it the author has thrown some curious and interesting notes on the Rochdale press, rushbearing, the mock corporation, folklore, parish clerks, centurians, the founder of the sect of "Grindletonians," and other topics that defied more rigorous classification. The Protestation of 1642 is given in full, and there are extracts, some of them curious, from the Manor Court Rolls. There are many and excellent illustrations, and, to crown all, a good index. Altogether Mr. Fishwick may be congratulated on a satisfactory addition to topographical literature.

#### SOME MORE GUIDE-BOOKS.

IT is, no doubt, something of a feather in the cap of any guide-book to have appeared first in April 1889 and to have (even assisted by a Centenary Exhibition) reached a third edition in May 1890. Messrs. Bemrose's (London and Derby) *Guide to Paris* has done this, and to some extent has deserved to do it. It is very cheap, it is very well printed, it is intelligently arranged, it has good maps and diagrams, it has hints which will be useful to the unlearned and ignorant man, it is commendably free from the detestable "jaw," the talker-talks that fills space, and says nothing, of the older—and sometimes of the newer—guide-book. But it would, we think, pay Messrs. Bemrose to have it looked through by some competent authority in literature and history;



and it certainly should have an index. As instances of the need of revision we may observe that it was not at the Hôtel Carnavalet that Madame de Sévigné died, but, on the contrary, at Grignan; that we fail entirely to see how Marie Antoinette's Court ladies could have sat to "such painters as Watteau and Pater, who have handed us down many pictures of their daily life and mock rusticity," considering that Watteau died between thirty and forty years before Marie Antoinette was born; that the account of the taking of the Bastille (from a work, "Baines's History of the Revolution," which we do not know, but of which we should rather like to have the reviewing) is so preposterously ignorant as to be almost inconceivable; and that a writer who writes of "one Baptiste du Cerceau" may figure to himself rather well the effect he would produce on any educated student of French architecture by imagining the effect upon himself of a Frenchman writing "one Christopher Wren."

We have before us six reprints of Messrs. Jarrold's (London and Norwich) useful Guides to the Eastern counties, respectively labelled *The Rivers and Broads of Norfolk, Hunstanton, Norwich, Cambridge, Aldeburgh, and Southwold*. Most of them belong distinctly to the older type of guide, and, as such, they ought not to be visited with too severe criticism; but we confess that we should like to see them written up to something better. Mr. Christopher Davies's name is sufficient warrant for the *Broads* guide: of the rest, the Cambridge guide is by a long way the best, and may be called good; the Hunstanton guide is, we think, the worst of all.

We have more than once given a critical and modified good word to the Holiday Number—*Where to go for a Healthy Holiday*—of the *Medical Recorder* (W. H. Allen). The articles are generally done by "medical officers," resident in the different places, or incumbent of some functions concerning those places. The good and the not-good of such a state of things is generally known, and need not be insisted upon. We shall only say that there is a certain sluggishness of soul in the average Briton which makes it almost necessary that a place should be pressed on him, or he will not go to it. Therefore, the pressing is good.

Muddock's *Pocket Guide for Geneva and Chamounix* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is a section of a general guide to Switzerland, which we have frequently noticed.

A *Holiday Tour in Austria*, by the Rev. H. P. Stokes (London: Digby & Long), reminds us pleasantly, as such a reminder always must, of Mr. Foker. "You funny little man," said a fair lady to Foker. "You funny little book," say we, who are not fair ladies, to Mr. Stokes's volume. It is about four inches square; it contains about forty pages; each page, which is generally only half a page, contains not much more than forty words, and it ends by a statement from the author that he "will be happy to send the name of the Firm who so courteously and ably made all necessary arrangements for carrying out" his tremendous adventure. The individual articles are more like a very small schoolboy's account of his travels than anything that we have ever seen. Here is one in entirety:—

Near Berchtesgaden are the Salt Mines. They must be visited. After taking your tickets, you proceed to the house opposite to don the miner's costume. Ladies ought to be informed of this before the visit is made. A procession is then formed, each one carrying a lantern. First of all you ascend numerous steps on foot; then a descent is made by means of a wooden slide, very much like tobogganing. It is perfectly safe. On reaching the bottom of the descent, one arrives at the "Salz-See," lit up by numerous miners' lamps. A boat is taken to cross this lake. One is reminded of the Purgatorio of Dante. Passing through various chambers we reach the tramway. Ladies take their places in cars, while the gentlemen mount a long wooden horse on wheels. A lengthy descent is then made, and presently one finds oneself ushered into daylight at a high rate of speed. The drive for the first part, and the railway for the latter part, of the journey from Berchtesgaden to Salzburg via Reichenhall (a favourite watering-place) is exquisite.

On this we have but one remark. Why is one reminded of the Purgatorio of Dante? The sorrowful mount certainly was reached by boat, but it was a mountain, not a cavern, and there was nothing crossed when you got to it. Can (we suggest this with diffidence)—can the Rev. Mr. Stokes have been thinking of the Inferno, where people certainly did, and more than once, cross subterranean streams? We are afraid that for this suggestion Mr. Stokes will hardly reward us with the blessing which was uttered on one of these voyages:—

Alma adgnosca,  
Benedetta colei che in te s'incina!

*The Official Guide to the Great Western Railway* (Cassells) is a new and revised edition of a cheap and useful kind of guide, now well known and well tried.

We have also before us a handful of the sectional parts of *Illustrated Europe* (Zürich: Orell, Füssli, & Co.), which are in number as the sand of the sea, which are profusely illustrated, which cost sixpence each, and which are not seldom good, despite the fact that their distinguished translators have not exactly succeeded in obliterating the traces of the language in which they were originally written and that some of them are pretty clearly hotel-keepers' puffa. Of those which are not and which are really useful, let us mention "To and Through Hungary," in some half-dozen parts—*Vienna to Buda-Pest, Oderberg to Buda-Pest, the High Tatra, West Hungary, From the Danube to the Quarnero, The Transylvania Highlands, and The Eastern Carpathians*. All of these concern regions little trodden by the

British foot, while all of them are decidedly interesting. The batch together (for some are double or treble numbers) only costs five shillings, and though it is a little overdone with illustrations, it will give new lights to many a wandering Briton.

#### HISTORY OF BOTANY.\*

PROBABLY no one of the various books which botany owes to the untiring industry and remarkable genius of the great Würzburg professor will be more closely associated with his name in the future than the *Geschichte der Botanik*, which he published in 1875, and of which this is an admirable rendering produced by the Oxford Press in the neat and well-printed form for which the Delegates are so celebrated.

In its German form the book suffered, in this country at any rate, from being printed in the old-fashioned black-letter German; but in the case of one active school of younger botanists at least—that of the Cambridge University—its effects, for evil and for good, were marked and, no doubt, somewhat lasting. We say this because criticisms have been expressed as to the historical knowledge of the younger botanists, and, no doubt with justice, it has been remarked that their estimation of the labours of past generations was severely tinged with the colours obtained through German spectacles. This is, or was, true; and it was certainly in great part due to the influence of Sachs's work. But history, and especially the rapidly constructed and reconstructed history of to-day, abounds in reactions, and we are probably not far wrong in concluding that, while the Cambridge school has passed through its period of undue bowing to the dicta of the great German botanist (without losing sight of the much that is valuable in his works), the danger may now arise that in its widely-read English form the *Geschichte der Botanik* will mould for some years the opinions of those who merely read what is prescribed for examination purposes. This danger is, moreover, increased now; for the author has seen fit to append to the English edition a judgment on the historical merits of two men whose names should, in our opinion, have been regarded as neither suitable for coupling, nor ripe for the pronouncement of any such short dictum of history; and we cannot help thinking that the "large infusion of youthful enthusiasm still remaining from the year 1859, when the *Origin of Species* delivered us from the unlucky dogma of constancy" (preface to Engl. transl. p. xi.), stimulated the author to a wiser estimation of the value of Charles Darwin's position in history than his later statement would have us believe.

Sachs regards botanical science as "made up of three distinct branches of knowledge—Classification founded on Morphology, Phytotomy, and Vegetable Physiology," and he divides the work into three books accordingly:—First Book, History of Morphology and Classification; Second Book, History of Vegetable Anatomy; Third Book, History of Vegetable Physiology.

The first book is naturally the longest, since more has been written on the subject of which it treats than on those of the other two, and it will probably be regarded in this country as open to criticism to a greater extent than the remainder of the work. It is divided into five chapters, dealing with (1) The German and Dutch Botanists (1530-1623); (2) The Artificial Classifications preceding and culminating in that of Linnæus (1583-1760); (3) The Development of the Natural Systems under the influence of the dogma of the Constancy of Species (1759-1850); (4) Morphology under the influence of the doctrine of Metamorphosis and of the Spiral Theory (1790-1850); and (5) Morphology and Systematic Botany under the influence of the history of Development and the knowledge of the Cryptogams (1840-1860), and it will probably be admitted that the divisions are well made.

The section on Linnæus should attract attention. Sachs regards the learned Swede as distinguished especially as the great compiler of his age, and makes no hesitation in bringing this clearly forward on p. 81. Nevertheless, he seems to do justice to his wonderful powers of systematizing and illuminating all that he gathered and fused; and, although he denies that Linnæus invented the binary system of nomenclature, he admits (p. 83) that he reduced it to practical shape, and must be regarded "as the real founder of the binary nomenclature of organisms."

Sachs exhibits the desire to be perfectly fair to the name of Linnæus, and there is no question of any attempt to be-little that name. Over and over again he eulogizes the great Swede's powers of naming and describing, but he deplors the adherence of more modern botanists to the school of thought centring around Linnæus; to understand this we refer the reader to the original. The third chapter is devoted to the consideration of the direct influence of Linnæus's teachings on the botanists of Germany, Sweden, and England, and the opposition to them on the part of the French morphologists, who refused to accept the sexual system; the consequent growth of the embryonic natural system, sketched hazily by Linnæus, in the hands of the Jussieus and De Candolle, Gaertner, Robert Brown, Endlicher, and Lindley. It is noteworthy throughout how prominent a part was played by Englishmen in this nursing of the new and still feeble little stranger—the natural system of classification based on the

\* *History of Botany* (1530-1860). By Julius von Sachs. Translated by H. E. F. Garnsey, M.A. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1890.

principle that the sum of the characters of a plant must be employed in determining its affinities; and every botanist knows that it is in England especially that the natural system has attained the perfection now realized, and that the names of Hooker, Bentham, Oliver, Dyer, Clarke, Baker, and other of the brilliant phalanx of botanists who have made Kew the scientific centre of systematic botany will be for ever associated with the establishment of the most perfect system of classification of natural objects in any department of science.

The Second Book of the History is divided into four chapters, dealing (1) with the foundations of the anatomy of plants by Grew and Malpighi (1671-82); (2) the phytotomy of the eighteenth century; (3) the conflicting views as to cell-structure as the microscope grew towards its present form from 1800 to 1840; and (4) the gradual development of modern views as to the true nature of the cell.

Early anatomy is curious rather than interesting to the botanist; but there is much that is instructive in the history of the microscope before 1800 and the growth of modern methods of histology. No false idea is more common than that any eye can use a microscope, and we recommend the introduction to this Second Book to all who wish to know in what the necessary training consists.

Here, again, it is worthy of notice how much Englishmen have done for botany. It was an Englishman—Robert Hooke (1635-1703)—who invented the term cell, and the word was applied in his sense until quite recently. Henshaw, in 1661, is said to have discovered the vessels in the walnut. Grew, secretary to the Royal Society, 1677 onwards, at least shares the honour of founding the study of vegetable anatomy and histology with Malpighi, and Sachs clears his name (p. 232) from Schleiden's imputations as to priority, and characterizes his work as "much more comprehensive" and "more systematic" and clearer than Malpighi's. Grew invented the words parenchyma and tissue as long employed in botany; we heartily wish he had avoided this distinction. Another claim to fame is his discovery of the stomata, the nature of which he misunderstood, however.

During the eighteenth century vegetable anatomy fell into a deplorable condition, chiefly from the cessation of real observation, which was replaced by empty speculations with preconceived ideas, or based on the unfortunate views promulgated by Grew and Malpighi as to the meaning of tissues; and there is very little progress to note until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when renewed attention to the subject was encouraged as the microscope improved, and the names of Mirbel, Kurt Sprengel, Treviranus, and Moldenhawer come before us.

Among interesting discoveries during this period, 1800-40, we may note Kurt Sprengel's suggestion (1802) that vessels might arise from cell-tissue, and his confirmation of Comparaletti's idea that stomata open in the morning and close at night; Bernhardt's distinction (1805) of the tissues into pith, bast, and vessels, and his attempt to define the various forms of tissue; the discovery of intercellular spaces by Treviranus (1806), and his proof that vessels are segmented; Mirbel's narrow escape (1808) from clear ideas of the nature of the Cambium cylinder is also noteworthy. Moldenhawer, in 1812, first isolated vessels and wood-cells, and contributed to our knowledge of growth in thickness of vascular bundles, stomata, resin canals, &c.

It must not be supposed that all was progress, however; the age was remarkable rather for the inordinate amount of error that was introduced into the current conceptions of anatomy, and it was not until Von Mohl came on the stage, just before 1840, to introduce clearness and accuracy into the chaos of undigested facts and misconceptions, that the way was paved to make anatomy what it should be—a faithful record of the structures of the organism and an adequate picture of how they are combined in its machinery.

Von Mohl's name and accomplishments are so well known, and he has so strongly influenced the present generation of teachers, that we simply refer the reader to pp. 292-310 for details. Enough that Mohl founded the school which made the *Botanische Zeitung* what it has been, and gave to histology that sense of security which rendered possible such progress in botany as has taken place under the hands of Sachs, De Bary, Strasburger, Goebel, De Vries, Eichler, and many others in Germany; and its effects were distinctly traceable in the establishment of modern laboratory methods in England—first, at South Kensington by Mr. Thiselton Dyer, and then, at Cambridge under Messrs. Vines and Gardiner. It is only necessary to consult the publications of the Royal Society and the pages of the *Annals of Botany* to see what excellent results are being arrived at by the new school—now, and for some years past, not only on its own feet, but with its own traditions and followers—to see that English botanists in the persons of Gardiner, Bower, Marshall Ward, Scott, Bayley Balfour, F. Darwin, F. Oliver, Green, and others are once more making histology and the exact study of the structures of plants flourish in this country.

Before these later developments were possible, however, the period from 1840 to 1860, which saw the establishment of the modern cell-theory, had to be traversed; this is dealt with in chapter iv. of the present book. Mohl observed the first case of cell-division in 1835, and Schleiden started his theory of free cell-formation in 1838. Henfrey and Unger worked at the processes going on in the so-called growing point, and there arose the bitter discussion as to the nature of the cell which several living botanists remember. The best outcome of this was the generalization as to the nature of the contents of living cells. Robert

Brown had discovered the nucleus in 1831. In 1838, Schleiden mistook the protoplasm of the cell for mucilage; Naegeli showed its nitrogenous nature in 1842-46; and Von Mohl, in 1844-46, gave it the name it has since borne. About 1860, according to Sachs, the geologists had taken the subject in hand, and most of the present generation of botanists recollect the establishment of the modern doctrine of the nature of protoplasm as the "physical basis of life." Chlorophyll-corpuscles (Mohl), Aleurone-grains (Th. Hartig, Radikofer, and Naegeli), Starch-grains (Payen, Naegeli), and other cell-contents gradually became more intelligible; the meaning of the apical cell and embryonic tissue generally was elucidated by Hofmeister, Hanstein, Savi, and others, and so investigators slowly led the way to the modern theories of development.

The history of this subject stops at 1860, or thereabouts; but most botanists now living can supply the rest of the story, which has shown that these observations prior to 1860, valuable and important as they were, merely supplied the materials with which the present knowledge and teachings were to be founded. New views have repeatedly arisen and been modified since then as to the nature of the cell, the classification of the tissues, the constitution and growth of the cell-walls and other organized structures, and the significance of protoplasm. To take one or two examples only, one may point to the importance to which the literature of the nucleus has attained since the period referred to; while the terms cell-sap, sieve-tubes, cambium, and protoplasm, for instance, now recall ideas far more complex than they did when Sachs published the first edition of his world-renowned text-book.

The third book of the history concerns the rise and progress of vegetable physiology, and, as may be expected from the author, this is dealt with at considerable length. A wide view is also indulged in, although the three chapters cut the subject up into well-marked sections:—(1) the history of the sexual theory; (2) that of the theory of nutrition; and (3) that of phytodynamism. It will be impossible to even approach doing justice to this masterly sketch; but one or two points are well worth notice. Sachs has often been reproached for taking too mechanical a view of the physiology of plants, and there is much in his special writings to support the criticism. Nevertheless, we read on p. 365 of the present work:—

We often meet with the view, especially in modern times, that vegetable physiology is virtually only applied physics and chemistry, as though the phenomenon of life could be simply deduced from physical and chemical doctrines. This might perhaps be possible, if physics and chemistry had no further questions to solve in their own dominions; but, in fact, both are still as far distant from this goal as physiology is from hers.

We fancy this statement is as true now as it was when it was written in 1875, but the truth expressed in it is often overlooked, especially by those not practised in physiological investigations.

Contrary to somewhat general opinion, the part played by English investigators in developing the science of plant-physiology has been very large; "not to speak of less important cases, it was the Royal Society of London which published, between 1660 and 1690, the memorable works of Malpighi and Grew" (p. 367). Ray (1693) made experiments "on the influence of light on the colours of plants"; the movements of water in the wood; the irritability of *Mimosa*, &c.; heliotropism, etiolation, and other phenomena. Hales's inquiries, published in his classic *Statistical Essays* in 1727, were so good that Sachs says of them (p. 477):—

Hales may be said to have made his plants themselves speak; by means of cleverly contrived and skillfully managed experiments he compelled them to disclose the forces that were at work in them by effects made apparent to the eye, and thus to show that forces of a very peculiar kind are in constant activity in the quiet and apparently passive organs of vegetation. . . . Hales was not content with giving a clear idea of the phenomena of vegetation, but sought to trace them back to mechanical-physical laws as then understood. He infused life into the empirical materials which he collected by means of ingenious reflections, which brought individual facts into connexion with more general considerations. Such a book necessarily attracted great attention, and for us it is a source of much valuable instruction on matters of detail, though we now gather up the phenomena of vegetation into a somewhat differently connected whole.

Those who have read the *Essays* will endorse this just appreciation of the genial writer.

As to the English edition as it stands. In the first place, the translator should be congratulated on the extremely satisfactory accomplishment of his task, which has been no easy one, owing to the necessity of bringing out the author's peculiar style, as well as rendering the meaning clear. There are, so far as we have been able to discover, few imperfections. Perhaps the word "marks" (p. 90, l. 8) would have been better translated "characters," in accordance with English custom; the same somewhat hypercritical objection applies to p. 149. "A stone of stumbling" (on p. 282) is a very literal rendering of the German equivalent for a stumbling-block; and it seems to be a gratuitous error on the part of the translator to speak of "the substance known as thyllosis"—the German text runs "mit Tüllen erfüllte Gefässe," and should have been rendered simply "vessels filled with thylloses." There are one or two slight misprints not noticed in the list of errata—Radikofer (p. 314, last line but one) for Radikofer, and -Thonars for -Thours on p. 489. We doubt whether the words phytotomy and zootomy will be accepted in English (pp. 350 and 51). The translator is not responsible for the word "male-



cules," on p. 353, as it stands so in the original, though it is clearly the equivalent of what were more lately termed "micellæ"; the author is also responsible for the apparent want of relevance of the foot-note to p. 149. Obviously we have no valid reproach against the English translation, which we welcome as one of the most useful and best produced of the classical series put forth by the Oxford Press.

It should not be forgotten that this History closes before 1860. It will materially lighten the labours of any future historian; but it of course gives no hint of the enormous advance of the science during the past thirty years. There is evidence in the preface to this edition that the author had the opportunity offered him to bring the work more nearly to date; we may easily understand his shrinking from such a herculean task, and even doubt whether it would be possible—as it would certainly be unadvisable, so far as the last fifteen years of turmoil and discussion are concerned. We have already noticed that he has, however, availed himself of the preface to the English edition to summarily withdraw certain of his eulogiums, without specifying exactly which, and we cannot avoid the impression that this is the only staring instance of haste and want of judgment that mars the grandeur of this magnificent work. That there are opinions expressed in the book which some authorities will not accept is only to be expected, as there are certainly statements which have not stood the test of time—e.g. on p. 352—but the whole work gives the reader a sense of security that the judgments have been really thought out after long labour and intense research, and there can be no doubt that it marks an epoch in the history of the science.

#### NATURE AND WOODCRAFT.\*

SINCE the success of Richard Jefferies, there has been a decided tendency to overdo the popularization of country pleasures. We are by no means among those who are inclined to eulogize that deceased naturalist without reserve. He had a quick eye, great knowledge of the woodland, and a style that was often extremely delicate and felicitous. But towards the end of his career he had become an imitator of himself, his work was full of repetitions and of false emphasis, and no one who was a judicious lover of his early books could rejoice in the publication of his late ones. Yet Jefferies was always Jefferies; in his least successful pages there was an echo of the old spontaneous note. Mr. Watson is the direct disciple of Jefferies, and in his numerous volumes, of which *Nature and Woodcraft* is the latest, we see how easy it has become for any one now to raise this particular flower of literature. In the present instance Mr. Watson makes no statement regarding the nature of his material, but we are much surprised if it has not all appeared before in newspapers. It has the air of being an issue of twenty-eight miscellaneous contributions to journals, reprinted in large type, leaded, so as to form a kind of volume. There is no reason why newspaper articles should not be republished when they are very novel in matter, peculiarly graceful in style, or otherwise calculated for preservation. Mr. Watson's chapters are wholesome and pleasant gossip, such as their titles suggest; we know the sort of small beer which we are likely to find labelled "Nuts," or "The Night Side of Nature," or "Winter Birds." We are glad, on a railway journey, when we have glanced over the telegrams, skimmed the leader, and tasted the book review, to be detained for five minutes more by "Wild-Shooting in Winter" or by "Autumn Berries"; but life is short, and books are many, and we do not want a permanent volume made out of ephemeral sketches. The information in them is generally true, but seldom new. The interesting description of the life of an old Cumbrian farm-servant seems at first to be an exception; but a conscientious note records that here "the author is indebted to a tract by a local antiquarian, published in 1847." In short, the essays are capital journalism of a second-hand kind; but we deprecate the supposition that they call for more life than a newspaper can give them.

We must not be unjust to Mr. Watson, and we will confess that there is one section of *Nature and Woodcraft* which we are glad to see preserved. His observations about the ways and the manners of gamekeepers are salutary, and they are not spoiled by over-violence of statement or by obvious prejudice. Attacks on the evil deeds of gamekeepers from persons who are the enemies of the preservation of game are of no service to any one. What is really wanted is a statement from the point of view of the naturalist, who is also a sportsman, of the needless destruction which is made, in sheer ignorance, of rare, beautiful, and even economically valuable species. In this connexion, Mr. Watson says many true and useful words in "The Gamekeeper and his Gollgotha." He shows that the best of keepers, those who are not mere wanton murderers of all woodland forms, exhibit what he truly calls "a deplorable want of discretion" in their slaughtering. The various *Accipitres* are fast disappearing from this country, and that mainly because of the senseless persecution of which they are the victims. A very few years ago, in most English counties, the kestrel, or wind-hover, which commonly satisfies its unambitious palate with mice and beetles, was an object as common as it is beautiful and interesting. But the gamekeepers, in their curious traditional ignorance passed on from

father to son in a survival of "epidemic paradoxes," have done their best to send it after the still more elegant and not less innocent merlin. In 1835 Edward Doubleday wrote of Epping Forest:—

The Buzzard and Kite are now extinct (thanks to the gamekeepers), but the former I have seen within four or five years. Previous to that time, I very often watched them, soaring high in the air, over the Park Hall and Hill Hall Woods. They feed chiefly on small quadrupeds, toads, frogs, and insects; but a toad is their most favourite dish.

The honey buzzard (once a common summer visitor), which the rage of the gamekeepers has now made practically extinct, was a still less mischievous eater; its maw was seldom found filled with any substances more formidable than wasps, grasshoppers, or caterpillars. The jay is a real marauder, and, in spite of his handsome plumage, we scarcely dare to defend him; nor is it to be denied that the magpie has an ill-regulated taste for pheasant and partridge chicks. But owls! Will no one explain to the whole generation of gamekeepers what a stupid and aimless crime is their wholesale persecution of those most pleasing birds? The barn-owl was the best friend of the farmer, a bird of business who hid in his own pollard all day long, and kept other people's rats under by night. Now a false economy has doomed both owl and pollard to destruction, and the farmer wonders why he is overrun with rats. The Selborne Society might do worse than organize a Mission to Gamekeepers, and distribute tracts explaining clearly to the prejudice-haunted intelligences of those worthy men what creatures are and what are not dangerous to their beloved charges, the pheasant and the partridge. If something be not soon done in this direction, the charming avifauna of Great Britain will shortly become as extinct as the dodo.

#### CONTRA LEPTINEM.\*

THIS edition of the *Contra Leptinem*, prepared by Dr. Sandys for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, is quite worthy of the reputation which he has earned as a diligent and acute student of the ancient orators. He is thoroughly versed in the laws and customs of the Demosthenic period of Athenian history, and his scholarly appreciation of his author's idioms has enabled him to throw light upon many of the more obscure passages in an interesting but difficult speech. Of his labours on the text we may speak with a sincere respect which need not pass into admiration. His original conjectures seem confined to the four enumerated in his own index, and none of these can be called epoch-making. They are plausible and sensible, and they are suggested by real difficulties in the text, not by the casual occurrence of a random happy-thought. It may be sufficient to quote one of the four. At section 96, near the end of the Speech, we come upon the following words:—*ἔνν δὲ μαρτυρίαν καὶ ἰανροῦ καταλείπων ἐπὶ παρανομίᾳ τοῦτο τὸν νόμον ὅπως ἐνομοθέτει κ.τ.λ.* That the words *ἐπὶ παρανομίᾳ* are *prima facie* open to suspicion is clear from the fact that they contain five consecutive short syllables—an unusually flagrant violation of the "law of composition" under which Demosthenes generally avoided the collocation of more than two short syllables in consecutive words. But this fact would not by itself be enough to displace the incriminated phrase, and Dr. Sandys seems to think that Blass has occasionally laid too much stress upon his law of composition, refusing to follow him at § 43 in interposing a superfluous but euphonious *ὦν* between *ἄξιον* and *ἀδικοῦνται*. Dr. Sandys is well advised, therefore, in fortifying his rejection of *ἐπὶ παρανομίᾳ* by contending that the phrase is not only awkward in position but in itself unnecessary. But he repents of his own severity as soon as he exercised it, and proposes to retain the body of the phrase (and, perhaps we may add, the rhythm of the sentence) by reading *ἐν παρανομίᾳ* on the analogy of *μαρτυρίαν ἐν ἀδικίᾳ γράφω*.

The timidity which Dr. Sandys has displayed in dealing with his own ideas justifies his cautiousness about adopting the innovations of bolder editors. His text, he tells us, is "to some extent founded on Dindorf's edition as revised by Blass for the Teubner series in 1888"; but he has used his own judgment when he has found the MSS. in conflict, and he frequently has not followed, though he has carefully recorded, the changes which Blass introduced into the received text. The general result is that Dr. Sandys has given us a fairly sound revision; and his critical notes in Latin, in which he has combined a praiseworthy brevity with a more praiseworthy lucidity of arrangement, supply the adventurous reader with all the necessary material for independent conjecture. Dr. Sandys has made free use, with ample acknowledgment, of the work done by other editors and critics, and his book may be taken as a complete and up-to-date summary of Demosthenic scholarship rendered more valuable by many original and important contributions to the interpretation based upon our steadily increasing knowledge of Greek antiquities. Special prominence, he tells us, has been given to the illustrations which may be drawn from inscriptions—a branch of

\* *The Speech of Demosthenes against the Law of Leptines.* A Revised Text, with an Introduction, Critical and Explanatory Notes, and an Autotype Facsimile from the Paris MS. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1890.

\* *Nature and Woodcraft.* By John Watson. London: Walter Smith & Innes.

research which Professor Jowett neatly hit off as being "full of interest, independently of the result." That result has frequently been of an unsettling rather than a determining character—especially in the case of this Speech. With the piety which is due to a great classic the scholars had taken it for granted that the eloquence of Demosthenes had been rewarded by practical success. They had been contented to accept without question the unhesitating statement of Dion Chrysostom:—

One Leptines introduced a law, proposing the withdrawal of the exemptions [from liturgies] from those who held them at the hands of the people, except in the case of the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and enacting that in future it should not be lawful to grant this bounty to any one. What then? Can it be that the Athenians accepted this law? No; on the contrary, it was condemned in a public prosecution.

Had Dion any evidence, or even any trustworthy tradition? Evidently he was talking loosely, since the Speech of Demosthenes was delivered not against Leptines, but against the Law of Leptines; it was *πρὸς Λεπτίνην*, not *κατὰ Λεπτίνου*, the proposer being, when the speech was delivered, secured by lapse of time from any personal consequences of an unconstitutional proposal. But, even if Dion was loose in his way of speaking, he may still have been warranted in his statement of fact. The only evidence (and that is not conclusive) on which we can lay much stress depends upon the question whether the exemptions which Leptines wished to abolish were or were not discontinued. On the one hand Dr. Sandys has quoted six Decrees of *ἀρχαία*, "either later in date or belonging to an uncertain year," which show that the proposal of Leptines did not remain law, but not that it never became law. And, on the other hand, an inscription was discovered in the southern wall of the Acropolis, which has since disappeared, but was copied by Christopher Wordsworth, and which runs (as restored) to the following effect:—"The Cecropid Tribe gained the prize with a Chorus of Boys, of which Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, defrayed the expense." Now, Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, was one of the exempted persons on whose behalf Demosthenes had opposed the proposal of Leptines; and the scandalmongers have even suggested that the orator's keen interest in the son was inspired by a still keener interest in the mother. But, if Ctesippus defrayed the expense of an onerous liturgy, it follows (since he was too young to have defrayed it before the Speech was delivered) that Demosthenes was not successful in protecting the exemptions. There is but one way to avoid the conclusion which Christopher Wordsworth accepted, and that is to suggest that the Ctesippus of the inscription is not identical with the Ctesippus of the Speech. We can hardly suppose that Dr. Sandys intends us to seriously consider the alternative suggestion, favoured as it is by Westermann and Arnold Schäfer, that Ctesippus voluntarily undertook the duty of Choregus after his legal and hereditary rights had been assured to him. He was apt, says Dr. Sandys, to spend his money rather freely. We may accept the suggestion when we are presented with an authentic case of a modern spendthrift sending conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dr. Sandys has done a good deal to enliven his commentary by the remarks which he makes on the personal bearing of some of the passages; as, for instance, on the deferential manner in which Demosthenes, in recalling an incident of recent history, appeals to the better memory of his audience. He does not bring out a documentary record, as a surprise to his hearers, like Mr. Chamberlain when he is complacently fishing up a forgotten episode in the career of an adversary. The Athenian audience liked to feel itself upon an equality with the orator pleading before them; and if he was prudent he humoured their vanity. Thus in § 52 we find that Demosthenes as a young man makes a kind of apology for venturing upon history—*ἀναγκάζομαι δὲ λέγειν πρὸς ὑμᾶς ταῦτα ὅτι παρ' ὑμῶν τῶν πρεσβυτέρων αὐτὸς ἀπέκοιτο*. An English audience expects an orator to instruct it, even on matters within anybody's memory; but, as Dr. Sandys reminds us, an Athenian advocate, like an English one in the Court of Appeal, would pretend to take his law from the better knowledge of his audience. As another instance of happy comment we may quote the parallel suggested to Dr. Sandys by the passage in which Demosthenes declares that his adversary had either never read or had failed to understand the laws of Solon. Dr. Sandys here quotes the "courteous but severe criticism" passed by the Attorney-General (Oct. 26, 1887) upon certain remarks of Mr. Gladstone relating to the Crimes Act. "If I am not impertinent, I should wish to say to one in a less high position than the right hon. gentleman 'Did you read the clause of the Crimes Act before you made that objection?'" What a difference between the round-about English parliamentary innuendo and the plain Greek directness—*ἐμοὶ δ', ὡς ἄνθρωπος Ἀθηναῖος, δοκεῖ Λεπτίνης (καὶ μοι μὴδὲν ὀργισθῆναι οὐδὲν γὰρ φλαυρον ἔρω σε) ἢ οὐκ ἀνεγνωκέναι τοὺς Σόλωνος νόμους ἢ οὐ συνείναι*! Dr. Sandys agrees with M. Dareste and with most unprejudiced students that Demosthenes was not above using a sophism if he thought that it would answer his immediate purpose, as, for instance, near the end of his speech, when he is dealing with the penalties prescribed by Leptines for the violations of his proposed law. Demosthenes treats the penalties as if they were cumulative, whereas the only object was to enable the Court to lay pressure upon a persistent or contumacious offender. Henri Weil remarks on this subject:—

Il n'a pas habité la république de Platon, mais la ville très-corrompue d'Athènes. Il est avocat, il plaide une cause, et il use de tous les moyens

pour la faire triompher. Ne nous figurons pas qu'il pense tout ce qu'il dit; cet honneur que lui font des admirateurs naïfs l'aurait fait sourire; tant est qu'il ne l'eût pas pris pour une injure faite à son habileté. . . . On retrouve dans tous les plaidoyers de Démosthène, et jusque dans le discours de la Couronne, cette habileté peu scrupuleuse qui fait partie du métier. Il ne faut pas y fermer les yeux; mais il ne faut non plus méconnaître les nobles sentiments et les pensées généreuses qui inspirent la politique de Démosthène et qui sont l'âme de son éloquence.

It seems to us that Dr. Sandys is fairly justified in accounting for the prominence which Demosthenes gave to the "moral arguments" in his Speech, on the ground that it was a *developpement*. Many of the most obvious and most important arguments had been anticipated, and Demosthenes is never sorry to glide away from treacherous legal technicalities into the clearer waters of an *ad captandum* appeal to popular pride and national self-interest. He told his audience that to abolish the exemptions granted by their forefathers was a step which would bring discredit on the name of Athens, and to declare that such exemptions should not be legal hereafter was to restrict the omnipotence of a sovereign people!

The elaborate Introduction which Dr. Sandys has provided gives all the information which could be required by a student who wished to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Speech and the circumstances which led to its delivery. On the intricate, and sometimes obscure, questions connected with the various forms of *ἀγρουργία*, as well as upon the relations between Leucum, Prince of Bosphorus, and the democracy of Athens, Dr. Sandys is at once lucid and accurate. And the praise which we have given to these special parts of his work may so be extended to the whole of his treatment of the many archaeological and historical questions which are involved in a proper understanding of the text. Let us take his discussion of the distinction between *ψηφίσματα* and *νόμοι*—a distinction which was clear enough to the philosophical mind of Aristotle but which the practical Demosthenes regarded as obsolescent, if not already obsolete. The philosopher had declared that a Law was abstract and universal, while a Decree concrete and particular. But at § 92 the politician bluntly remarks that there was no difference at all—*ψηφίσματα δ' οὐδ' ὅτιον διαφέρουσιν οἱ νόμοι, ἀλλὰ τὸ νεώτεροι τῶν νόμων, καὶ οὐδ' τὰ ψηφίσματα δεῖ γράφεσθαι, τῶν ψηφισμάτων αὐτῶν ὅτι εἰσιν*. (It may be mentioned here that Dr. Sandys, in retaining *νεώτεροι*, is retaining a word which Cobet described as *manifesto mendosum*, and which he proposed to replace with *ἀκυρότεροι*, and other critics with *κενότεροι*, *ἀβεβαιοτεροι*, *εὐανέστεροι*, *ἐναντιότεροι*, &c.) This is Dr. Sandys's explanation of a tiresome passage:—"Special decrees presuppose general laws, but at a time of restless legislation the general laws change so rapidly that the decrees remain unrepealed, while the laws in accordance with which they have been passed have been in the meanwhile superseded and are already out of date."

In the vast mass of explanatory notes which the most sparing commentator is obliged to append to the text of Demosthenes, it is idle to select a few for detailed criticism. The result is to give an appearance of fault-finding which may be as deceptive as it is unintended. It is better (except when a pretender has to be unmasked) to make a few general remarks upon the commentary as a whole. It may safely be said of Dr. Sandys that he has not shirked any difficulty of interpretation; his fault lies the other way, as he is apt to anticipate a degree of ignorance not likely to occur in the readers of his book—as, for instance, when he tells us, on *ἀρχαία* in § 11, that this is the regular word for demanding payment of debt. But his notes are generally so brief and always so direct that it would be unfair to call any of them superfluous. He is particularly careful to remark upon any peculiarity in the style or diction—as, for instance, on the incessant recurrence of the particle *τοίνυν* in the course of this speech; not less than eight successive paragraphs near the beginning are introduced by this particle, and it is used in nineteen other passages—generally not to indicate an argumentative inference, but rather to assist an argumentative transition. The unusual frequency of a convenient particle, which gives the appearance of logical cohesion, may be due, as Dr. Sandys suggests, to the fact that this Speech is in thought more loosely compacted than any of his others. Nevertheless, it is, for educational purposes, one of the most useful speeches, especially now that Dr. Sandys has made it accessible to any student who has the makings of a Greek scholar.

#### THE BOOK OF DIGNITIES.\*

THE value of such a book as this purports to be can hardly be overrated. The politician and the historian are equally interested in it. It might be added that the traveller may also be concerned; for, failing a single volume like *The Book of Dignities*, he will have to carry with him *Le Neve's Fasti* in three bulky volumes, Dugdale's *Origines* in folio, Hart's *Army List*, and three or four other books of less importance, if he wishes to be armed against the possibility of having to write without books of reference. We approach Mr. Ockerby's new edition of Haydn's edition of Beatson's *Political Index* with trembling hope.

\* *The Book of Dignities*; founded on Beatson's "Political Index." By the late Joseph Haydn. Continued to the present time by Horace Ockerby. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.



If Mr. Ockerby has supplied Haydn's omissions, if he has corrected Haydn's errors, and if he has brought the whole book up to date, he will have conferred a boon upon his countrymen. And we may safely say that, with certain exceptions to be noticed presently, Mr. Ockerby has presented us with such a book. The mass of accurate information boiled down into brief compass is amazing. Naturally, as Mr. Ockerby is himself a lawyer, those pages which deal with the lists of Dugdale and Foss are the best edited. Some critical acumen has been brought to bear on the subject. We have early lists of judges and chief justices, of barons and justices itinerant and justices of trail-baston, and many other denominations of justices. This part of the book is very full and very accurate; and an admirable index enables the reader who consults it to find his place at once. In addition, there is a useful preliminary essay, in which the history of the law courts is briefly traced. There are short articles, each full of information, on such subjects as the lord-lieutenancy of counties, on heraldic offices, on the woods and forests, and many others. We may indicate the scope and chief divisions of the book before we examine one or two of the sections critically. The first part consists of "Sovereigns and Rulers of the Principal Countries in the World." Next we have a diplomatic list, followed by an enumeration of the great offices of State and the names of those who have held them. Heraldry, Law, and the Church follow, with separate chapters on London, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. Then come the Orders of Knighthood, a Navy List, an Army List, and a chapter headed Miscellaneous, which contains Presidents of Learned Societies and of the Royal Academy, and Astronomers Royal.

It is to be regretted that the editor has continued the same head-line throughout the volume. At least, it makes it less easy to find what we want than in the *Dictionary of Dates*, where there are two brief indications of the subject in hand on each page. Mr. Ockerby has in other instances followed Haydn too closely; as, for example, in the list of Records of London, Haydn says that the first Recorder was Jeffrey de Norton, Alderman, 1298. But in recent publications it is shown that the first Recorder was Geoffrey Hartpole, who was elected in 1304. Mr. Ockerby makes him the third, and gives 1320 for his date. His list of mayors is, to say the least, uncritical. He begins with "Hy. FitzAlwyn, or Ailwyn," and goes on with "Roger FitzAlwyn or Ailwyn." Henry, the first mayor, was denominated "FitzAilwin" from his father Ailwin or Ægelwine, and Ailwyn would denote a female. The second mayor did not bear the same surname. He was Roger FitzAlan or Aleyne, and belonged to a wholly different family. At 1354 Thomas Legge is made the first "Lord" Mayor. But there is no record that Legge received any grant of such a title. On the contrary, the mayor was always a lord, from the first assumption of that title by anybody in England. No date can be fixed. These are only a few of the errors of which this list is full. "Rauf de Sandwich" was never mayor, nor was "Sir Johan Breton." In the index Sandwich, his name correctly spelled, is called "L. M."—that is, Lord Mayor, yet his supposed term of office is in 1288, two generations, at least, before Mr. Ockerby's own date for the conferring of the title on a mayor. These notes will show that in certain matters Mr. Ockerby is not up to the latest lights. We must find fault, too, with his omission of peers. *A Book of Dignities* is not complete without some kind of list of the House of Lords, however brief. Something of the kind was in Haydn's edition, and it should have been retained in a work which gives complete lists of orders of knighthood.

On the whole, however, these are rather special faults, and have but little effect on the general usefulness of the book. The list of sovereigns alone would have made it valuable. The kings of Hungary and the princes of Transylvania are all here, as well as the dukes of Franconia and the emperors of Trebizond, nay, even the presidents of the Spanish-American Republics. The index is a wonderful piece of work in itself, extending over more than two hundred pages of small but distinct type.

#### EAST, WEST, AND OVER THE WAY.\*

IN the year 1887 Mr. Mallock made a winter sojourn in Cyprus, moved thereto, as he tells us, "by unsentimental and sordid motives." We will season this assertion with the proverbial pinch of salt allowed to the readers of travellers' tales. In a style which is almost a model of lucidity and unstudied elegance, and in a strain of true poetry, enlivened with flashes of humour, the author brings vividly before us the dreams by which he himself has been haunted, and makes us cry quits and go halves with him, as it were, in the discovery of funny incongruities, over which we have to laugh when we ought, perhaps, to look solemn. Of Cyprus itself he writes that,

like the fruit of the dorian, which has flavours of all foods, the island has flavours of all epochs and literatures, and has every mood in its air, its

\* In an *Enchanted Island; or, a Winter's Retreat in Cyprus*. By W. H. Mallock, Author of "Is Life Worth Living?" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Five Months' Fine Weather in Canada, Western U. S., and Mexico. By Mrs. E. H. Carbutt. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Roof of France; or, the Causes of the Lozère. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "A Year in Western France" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

sky, its scenery . . . with its sunburnt figures in bright unfamiliar garments, with a strange language, living on strange beliefs, and making one feel as if the whole background of life were a child's holiday or a back scene in an opera.

This is what he says of Nicosia; not all that he says by any means, for he speaks very freely of a subject of which his heart is evidently full:—

I cannot say of Nicosia that I expected to hear oracles in it; but it filled me with precisely the same sense of unreality as that with which Hypata filled the hero of Apuleius. Everything seemed to be something more than it appeared to be on the surface. The air seemed charged with some latent, romantic life. Any moment I could have expected to hear the notes of some Oriental love-song or the guitar-strings of some wandering troubadour; and my imagination would have been satisfied, rather than surprised, had there issued from my door some gorgeous Crusading knight, grown effeminate in the East, some veiled Circassian beauty, or a disguised caliph with his vizier.

"The world of flowery paganism, as seen by the eye of Keats," is seen by the eye of our author also, and described almost as poetically. Of the past he writes:—

For myself, individually, the past in England begins before the first Reform Bill, and on the Continent before the French Revolution. I am also certain that, if we discovered a new Pompeii, of which all the inhabitants had been Radicals, no matter how perfect the remains might be—even if they comprised a complete file of a Latin *Pall Mall Gazette*—the principal satisfaction the discovery would afford myself would consist in the feeling that all these people were dead.

We could shake hands with him up to the elbow when he speaks his sentiments as to Phœnicia:—

For my own part, I hate Phœnicia. It is far too old, like a wine that has lost its flavour. None of its social abuses are distinct enough to excite sympathy.

Of the Lusignan dynasty Mr. Mallock writes:—

In it the chivalry of the West was rapidly acclimatized to the East, and took, like some transplanted flower, new and unknown colours from it. Its counts and its barons of French and of English ancestry kept their feudal state amid spice gardens and silken luxury. The peasantry were never displaced, nor was the Greek religion interfered with; but side by side with the plain Greek basilicas rose Gothic churches, with windows of elaborate tracery. Marvellous abbeys, like Fountains, Bolton, or Kirkstall, in distant nooks, hid themselves amidst oleanders; and castles like Alnwick or like Bamfborough reared their clustering towers on the mountain-tops.

How true what he says of the enlightened egotism of the true traveller, and how bravely he says it:—

The moralist of the type of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the scientific moralist whose dogmatism about man in the abstract is based, for the most part, on a guileless and scholarly ignorance of the ways and passions of men and women in the concrete, amuses himself with the idea that pleasures become more pleasurable in proportion as we know them to be shared by a number of other people. I can assure him that the pleasures of the true traveller are great in proportion as he has them all to himself, or at all events in proportion as the general public is debarred from them. Another element in these pleasures is even more scandalous, and that element is absence of social duties.

The story of Richard I.'s courtship and marriage with the Princess Berengaria, as told by Mr. Mallock, will be read with avidity by all lovers of Scott's *Talisman*. The anecdotes that our author relates of the Cypriotes' indifference to their admission to the electoral franchise are very amusing, and the account of the monk marking out the lawn-tennis ground, and the humours of Metaphora the maid, are irresistibly funny. Mr. Mallock, on seeing, in Nicosia, six prisoners in confinement on a charge of sheep-stealing, remarks:—"This was just as it should be; it was a pastoral and picturesque offence." We are astonished that a past-master of English like Mr. Mallock should sneer at Scottie, his servant, for calling a tortoise what his master prefers to call a turtle. A turtle is a species of dove. "Turtle," says Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, "is a word used by sailors and gluttons for a water-tortoise." Mr. Mallock's soul is stirred by a pathetic yearning for the faith of the past, and a kind of despairing longing that it may still be the faith of the future. He saw at Famagusta a "flock of churches, most of them almost entire, standing in this solitude like a flock of scattered sheep."

The sight [he says] affected me like a burst of devotional music, vibrating far off from the lost ages of faith, distinct and yet so faint that it made me hold my breath to hear it. . . . And yet, in spite of their melancholy, the suggestions of a place like this have a comfort for the mind in some of its moods deeper than any hope. To a man, whatever may be his creed, they bring images and promises of rest; whilst to one who has taken his creed from modern science, and has logic enough to understand it with scientific precision, their suggestions, whether of comfort or not, are suggestions of a profound truth—the burthen of the whole new Gospel, a burthen in every sense—that all effort and all achievement is a delusion; what unites us all at last to reality is not life but death.

Mrs. Carbutt's book is not a masterpiece of style, but neither is it didactic in its tone or pedantic in its mode of conveying instruction. It is simply gossip and amusing, full of valuable hints, and imparting much useful knowledge. In the year 1888 she made a tour through Canada, Western United States, and Mexico, and her notes on these countries will be read with particular interest by those who intend to follow in her footsteps. It is the fashion in England to overpraise American hotels; but those at which Mrs. Carbutt alighted were by no means faultless. She says "the 'Windsor,' in New York, far surpasses any she knows in Europe for the comfort and elegance of the apartments, for the luxury of the table and the quick service"; but one universal weak point in this and other American hotels is the wash-

ing apparatus. It is not always feasible to secure a room with a bath in it, "and then the arrangement of the tiny basin with two taps over it is maddening. One keeps knocking one's head against the taps, and any incautious movement of the sponge catches the chain which holds the plug, and all the water disappears." The theory of hot water conveyed to every room is delightful, but it is seldom reduced to practice. At dinner everything came on together, "soup, meat, fish, potato, everything on its tiny dish in a circle round the one plate which is meant to serve for the one meal. Of course, things got cold." The European traveller sorely misses "the omniscient porter of Continental Europe, and the friendly landlord of English inns." The American landlord will discuss with his guests the state of the weather or the chances of the next Presidential election; but he refuses to converse on any subject connected with his business. He considers himself a gentleman.

As for the clerks at the hotel offices, they are proverbial for impertinence even in America. The following is a specimen of their manners. Our linen had returned from the laundress, and an important piece was missing, so my husband went to the office and asked the clerk to make inquiry. "You must have counted wrong," said the clerk; "nobody wants your things." This was in one of the best and oldest established hotels in the States.

Mrs. Carbutt could not sleep well in a Pullman car.

It has a peculiar smell, and is very like being in one's coffin. No wonder there is a smell about the bedding, for it is never aired. In the daytime these cars are delightful. . . . When Edward went to the Pullman car lavatory in the morning he found three railway men at their ablutions. They brushed their hair with the Pullman brush, and they used the Pullman soap and towels; the passengers had to wait until these men had finished.

At Chicago we are told that the dried blood of the slaughtered pigs is utilized and made into gentlemen's coat buttons. Mrs. Carbutt was amused in that city by the sight of an enthusiastic politician rushing about at election-time and thrusting into everybody's hands cards with a picture of the Democratic leaders and the inscription "Vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and buy your carpets at the City of Paris Store, 138 State Street." She tells us that even in Chicago "Protection does not always keep the wolf from the door," that there is misery quite equal to that described in *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*. A propos of Democrats, a cook at Ellensburgh told our author that gentlemen of that school of politics drank most, whilst Republicans ate most. We think that it was Mr. Punch's cook who made a similar remark on the propensities of High Church and Low Church clergymen at home. In California our author found the Republicans almost frantically joyous over the smartness of the trick played by "Mr. Murchison" on "Minister West." Colonel Brierley thought it was "the richest thing the party had struck," and that by it "the Democrats were struck silly all along the line." "Again and again" was Mrs. Carbutt told in California and in other parts of America that all "justice is sold" in the United States, that a rich man might do anything he liked, from murder downwards, "with impunity." Assertions of this kind made by citizens of the United States stagger the author's belief in Professor Bryce's Utopian pages, and make her think "his book is simply a pretty picture of what things ought to be; while the fact is that there is but one judge and one law—the almighty dollar." Mr. Bret Harte's ruffians and shooters at sight are sentimental and tender-hearted, with a yearning love for children, and an irresistible longing to sacrifice their lives for friends in a mine explosion or a railway cutting. Mrs. Carbutt tells us a tale of a murderer who had no alloy of softness. He entered a bar in a Californian town, saying that he had killed eleven men, and wanted to kill a twelfth to complete the number of the jury which should sit upon him in hell, whereupon he shot an inoffensive stranger whom he had previously treated to a drink. Then he stamped on his body and fired five shots into it. A Vigilance Committee gave a short shrift to the assassin. Our traveller tells us that "Squab" is American for a pigeon. Squab in the sense in which it is used in the United States is a good old English word, not yet obsolete in many parts of the kingdom. May the author be forgiven for her slighting mention of terrapin; but then she never ate them in the Baltimore Club. She speaks of the persimmon as a Japanese tree. It may have been originally imported from Japan, but it is as common and as acclimatized in the United States as the potato is in England. Did she never hear in her travels the common proverb that "The huckleberry is above the persimmon"? Divorces do not seem to be so easily granted in California as is generally supposed. She only saw one case in which divorce was granted for causes that would not have procured at least judicial separation in England. The Federalists and Confederates have not yet quite buried the hatchet. "Ireland and England," says our author, "are bosom cronies compared to the North and South." California does not appear to be the paradise that prospectuses of some emigration Companies call it. Work is infinitely harder than in England. Wages are nominally high, but a man has to do two days' work for a day and a half's pay.

South Carolina is a desolate region, except where great labour and costly artificial irrigation have brought out the qualities of the soil. Labour can do nothing there without capital, and it is a question if a life of mere manual labour at market gardening is well repaid by the very small measure of success that seems possible. . . . Whenever we heard of people making money, it was not by ranching, but by land speculations.

Of Mexico and its "merry courteous people" Mrs. Carbutt writes

very eulogistically. In fact, the tone of her book, when writing of the scenery, the manners, and the institutions of the great Spanish-American Republic is much more genial and optimistic than her reflections on things and people as she found them in the United States. The general public will not, perhaps, be as intensely interested as the author seemingly expects it to be in knowing the particulars of an excellent dinner served to the travellers one Sunday at a Chicago hotel; or in learning that Mrs. Carbutt had often occasion to record that her meals were ill cooked and unappetizing.

Miss Betham Edwards may almost be called a professional writer of travels. She is removed poles asunder from the ideal of the traveller as conceived by the author of *In an Enchanted Island*. What that shadowy personage "seeks under foreign skies is neither profitable, nor useful, nor edifying information of any kind, but merely this—the stimulant of a new mental experience." Miss Edwards told a French farmer that "she sees all she can, and on her return to England writes a book for the amusement and instruction of others, which more than covers the expenses of her journey." In 1887 she explored the Lozère, which she considers the Cinderella of French provinces, destined ere long to be one of the richest. She thinks that the Causses may be regarded in the light of a discovery by the tourist world. Many Englishmen, perhaps most Englishmen, could not tell off-hand where the Causses are:—

If the reader draws a perpendicular line from Mende to Lodève, and a vertical line from Millau to Florac, he will have a pretty good notion of the area occupied by the Causses, including that of the Larzac in Aveyron.

Miss Edwards was assured that she was the first English-speaking "lady" ever seen at Mende. In right of her priority she almost assumes to herself the privilege of proprietorship. She lectures her landlords at the hotels on the best mode of travelling across country; she cautions other tourists not to follow in her footsteps without carrying their own salt and pepper; she is never shy of addressing searching questions about their own affairs to the French farmers whom she visits, and who, as a rule, "answer all her questions with ease and intelligence." She is an enthusiastic advocate for peasant-proprietorship. She never leaves us in any doubt as to her views and sympathies on any subject. If she were allowed one book "as necessary to her existence," she would not choose the Bible, or *Shakapara*, or *Boswell's Johnson*, or *Old Mortality*, or *Pickwick*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. She would hesitate between Spinoza's *Ethics* and Schiller's *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Mankind*. Her first business, "of course," was to visit the tomb of John Stuart Mill; after that, Petrarch's *Vaucluse*. "One other pilgrimage," she writes, "I would fain make, did not wide seas intervene. I should like to place a wreath on the tomb of another apostle of liberty, the dauntless and immortal Colenso." The late M. Paul Bert seems also to have been one of the lady's favourite heroes. She hopes to breakfast some day on the Eiffel Tower, "there to fête the glorious Revolution, in the words of our great Fox, 'How much the greatest event that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!'" She loves some poets, and talks ecstatically of Shelley with his "pen dipped in iridescence and gold." Some of her observations are amusing and epigrammatic. How almost true it is that "in France the quality of the dinner is the first question of national importance after the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine!" Many of her descriptions of scenery and adventure, especially that of the "Cañon of the Tarn," and the "Shooting the Rapids" are written with the pen of a practised writer. We enjoy, too, the glimpses she gives us of the Rhône, "ce taureau furieux descendu des Alpes et qui court à la mer"; or, as it has been also called, "ce chemin qui court trop vite." Even in the eyes of Miss Edwards there is room for improvement in the moral and intellectual position of the French peasantry. But amelioration is easy:—"Give them a good dose of positive philosophy"; let the clergy marry, and let the schools be laicized. *Voilà tout*. If she had read *Tristram Shandy*, perhaps Miss Edwards would not have been so much surprised to learn that St. Maxime was a woman.

The *Roof of France* is the work of a skilled writer and of an experienced traveller. It is a very commendable specimen of bookmaking. All that it lacks is spontaneity and a certain ease in its mode of imparting knowledge. We do not feel, after reading Miss Edwards's book, that we know as much of the Causses as we know of the Holy Land after reading *Eothen*.

#### SPANISH LITERATURE.

TO the versatile pen which lately gave us the remarkable story of *Torquemada at the Stake* we owe a long story in which we are obliged to recognize the much-dreaded philosophical novel. It is philosophic, it is partly in letter and partly in dramatic form. But what would be insuperable obstacles to a writer of smaller calibre are merely difficulties to be overcome with apparent ease by the author of *La Incognita* and its sequel, *Realidad* (1). *La Incognita* is not the heroine of Señor Galdós.

(1) *La Incognita, Realidad*. By B. Perez Galdós. 2 vols. Madrid: Administracion de la Guirnalda, Calle de Fuencarral.



philosophical novel; it is that which is unknown to Manolo Infante in Madrid, the writer of letters to his friend Equis at Orbajosa, dating from November 1888 to February 1889. Its complement *Realidad*, a novel in dramatic form, to be enacted only on that stage which, said Victor Hugo, "every man carries in his brain," is the reply of Equis to Infante. "To the apparent truth, which is all I could tell you, you add the real, the inner truth, drawn from the innermost consciousness," wrote Infante to Equis on receiving the five days' drama, in which all the personages of his own letters are made to speak their every thought and analyse and explain the most hidden motives of their actions. *La Incognita* and *Realidad* are the objective and the subjective view of the same subject; to read the one without the other would be tantamount to reading the alternative pages of another book. Manolo Infante is a wealthy and independent young deputy, through whose eyes we see something of that Parliamentary society of which Señor Galdos is so silent a member. When he entered Parliament there were many who feared that the novelist would be absorbed in the politician, whose fears have long given way to disappointment; for, if the author of the *Episodios Nacionales* has been heard in the Spanish Chamber (as was whispered in the case of a memorable speech from the throne), it is not out of his own lips that he has either prevailed or been confounded. Yet neither novelist nor politician has lost his time. One has conquered a new field; the other has found a new dragon to slay. The letters of Manolo Infante touch with a light, firm hand on the seamy side of Spanish politics. There being nothing new under the sun, it cannot be said that the abuses, intrigues, or incongruities they reveal are wholly unexpected; but we could not wish for a better commentary than is furnished by their amiable cynicism on a state of things at once naively meridianal and curiously indicative of the struggle that is waging between progress and tradition. His politics, however, form but a mere parenthesis in the presentation of the problem that preoccupies Manolo Infante. The Unknown! how to know it? Not by the light of Kant or Schopenhauer, although their influence may be detected amid the many factors that are absorbed by, without dominating, the author's complex and encyclopedic mind. *La Incognita* is the problem. *Realidad* is not its solution—for that is a product not easy to find in a world of thought, in which is neither end nor beginning; it is its further development, its patient and implacable analysis, a laying bare of the machinery that works the individual conscience, which Señor Galdos (who never fears to tackle two sides of the same burning question) chooses to pit against his almost ironical conception of the Universal Conscience. And as if to prove that we have indeed followed, through the mazes of this mental labyrinth, a pipe as irresistible as the one that piped to the children of Hamelin, leading them east of the sun and west of the moon, to regions neither they nor the modern novel-reader had gone out to explore, we emerge from it with portraits as indelible as that of Augusta Oroso, type of the Eternal Feminine, yet withal no mere abstraction, but very flesh and very blood, one of those women who live in fiction to make it seem truer and not less strange than truth; with her husband, saint, dreamer, mystic, and man of the world; with her lover, man of the world, dreamer, martyr, but no saint; with her father, the inimitable Cisneros, that "true branch of the genuine Castilian vine," platonically Radical, aristocratically autocratic, *vert-galant* and pietist, alternately cynic and enthusiast, of whom Manolo Infante shall limn the Velasquez-like picture:—

My godfather is older than I expected to find him. But what fire of expression, what lynx eyes, what grace of diction, are his! His face is dark-skinned and clean-shaven, the upper lip almost black from the use of the razor, the nose sharp, short, and joined to the upper lip, as if to take possession of it; the jaw is firm and protruding, the eyes are full of life, under lashes so close that they look like two strips of black velvet; the head perfect in form, with cropped iron-grey hair, the profile recalling that of the celebrated Cardinal of his name, to whom he is perhaps related. He is hard and flexible as the climate of his native province, spare and dry as its soil; he has all the cunning of his race, a mixture of a sly dog and a magnanimous nobleman, with I know not what of the monk who carries pistols under his habit. . . . Figure to yourself those shaven warriors who looked like priests, those lords who looked like labourers in silk attire, those *conueros*, with faces shrivelled by the sun and the frosts of old Castille; think of the Bishop of Acuña, of the Conde de Tendilla, of San Pedro de Alcántara, who ate but twice a week; combine them all, and you may say, "Vamos, I have got him!"

So much for the outer man. *La Incognita* would be worth reading were it only for the sake of following the twists and turns, the caprices, the surprises, the passions, the strength, and the weakness of the mind that is clothed in such characteristic form.

Coming from the author of so promising a novel as *La Regenta*, Pipa (2) and eight other short stories are disappointing. Pipa is the least amusing or sympathetic of street Arabs; yet (unless it be to provide Señor Leopoldo Alas with a pretext for a graphic account of a tavern orgie) that is hardly a reason for condemning him to drown and burn in a vat of lighted petroleum. And the orgie itself—although its squalor is redeemed by the narrator's power and by the glow of colour that is one of the charms of Spanish fiction—comes at a time when the Sevillian tavern episode of the *Hermana San Sulpicio* is too fresh in our minds not to compare unfavourably with that masterpiece of grim humour. We are not quite sure that such types as the Duchess and the

Novelist of *Un Documento* entitle this sketch to its imposing title. They might have been more convincing had the writer, instead of choosing to see them through the spectacles of Balzac, trusted to his own habitually clear vision. *El Hombre de los Estrenos* ("The Innovator") is an amusing satire on a clique that is represented elsewhere by the *Théâtre Libre*; *Zurita*, a sly hit at the influence of German philosophy on the modern Spanish mind; and *Avecilla*, a genuine instance of national humour. But, taken all in all, the volume proves that "Clarín's" clearness of perception needs to be supplemented by a more potent imagination and a greater capacity for condensation to make of this eminent critic a successful *nouvelliste*.

*La Morriña* (3), to which its author is pleased to give the subtitle of *Historia Amorosa*, is a clever, dull, and morbid human document, bearing the same relation to a love-story as does a page of grammar to an epic. What the Señora Pardo-Bazan lacks in imagination is compensated by a remarkable power of observation. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that the hand to which we owe *Los Pazos de Ulloa*, that masterly picture of Galician life and landscape, should waste its energies on the analysis of the least interesting member of the most uninteresting household of the dullest street in Madrid. Nor can we divine why the omission of Doña Aurora de Pardinas to sanction her son's love-affair with her housemaid should result in so tragic a consequence of a very commonplace disaster. The process-illustrations by Señor Cabrinetz, which adorn this superb edition of the author's least successful work, are remarkable for effects of light, boldness, and finish. We hardly wonder that there is no evidence of the artist's sense of beauty. He has been otherwise inspired by the ugly furniture of the room in which Doña Aurora held *tertulias*, measured iron-drops, and dispensed strengthening syrups and underdone viands to her son; by the hackney carriages which, thanks to him, will for ever stand before her door, and by the many (why so many?) household objects which have been so carefully catalogued by the author of *La Morriña*.

In *La Mujer Española*, a series of essays that are running through *La España Moderna* (4), the Señora Pardo-Bazan, in an article which is at once laudatory and apologetic, draws a bright picture of the woman of the Spanish aristocracy. After celebrating her virtues, her culture, and her attractions, the writer deprecates the gradual fading and blurring of the national type, which she attributes to the influence of English nurses, German governesses, and French fashions. But even more than the loss of the "poetic and voluptuous mantilla," she regrets the falling off in the attendance at bull-fights, due to the hyper-refinement of Spanish nerves, a contagion which is rapidly infecting the middle as well as the upper classes. In the same number Señores Canovas del Castillo, Juan Valera, and Palacio Valdés, contribute articles on politics, literature, and rhetoric. In the Foreign Section (the latest innovation of this enterprising and successful magazine) are translations from the works of Dostoevsky, Schopenhauer, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Théophile Gautier.

The *Revista de Portugal* (5) issues its first half-yearly volume. These eight hundred well-printed pages comprise Señor Ramalho Ortigão's "Social Picture of the Brazilian Revolution," Señor Anthero de Quental's "Treatise on the Tendencies of Contemporary Philosophy," Señor Theophilo Braga's "Studies on the Eighteenth Century," Monographs on the "Chivalry of Medieval Portugal," by the Conde de Sabagosa and Senhor Christovao Ayres; "A Historical Study of the Sons of D. John I." and his fair-haired Lancastrian Queen; critical articles on French, Russian, American, and other exotic literature, verses, essays, and stories, signed Oliveira Martins, Luiz de Magalhães, Bento Moreno, Fialho d'Almeida, etc.

#### WEST NOR-WEST.

THE sailing-ship depicted on the cover of Mrs. Saxby's *West Nor'-West* (James Nisbet & Co.), and again as a frontispiece, is only emblematical. Mrs. Saxby crossed the Atlantic in an Allan Line steamer, and afterwards travelled by the Canadian and Pacific Railway to the Qu'appelle Valley, where her sons, we gather, have started a farm. Possibly a sketch-map would have been more useful to the class of readers for whom the book is meant than an emblematical cover and frontispiece; for the author writes with a thoroughly practical purpose. She is convinced that many of our superfluous young women might find a happy and comfortable home in Canada. Numbers of English girls emigrate "West Nor'-West"; but what the Dominion wants is, not young women of the servant-girl class, but a somewhat superior type; the kind who in England get, or try to get, situations as lady-helps, nursery governesses, telegraph clerks, or shop-girls. For a decently-educated girl who is not too refined to undertake domestic duties there are many excellent openings; and we quite agree with Mrs. Saxby when she regrets that England should be sending thousands of domestic servants to the

(3) *La Morriña, Historia Amorosa*. Por Emilia Pardo-Bazan. Ilustración de Cabrinetz. Barcelona: Sucesores de Ramirez y Cia.

(4) *La España Moderna, Revista Ibero-Americana*. J. Lazaro. Madrid: Serrano.

(5) *A Revista de Portugal*. Eça de Queiroz. Porto: Lugan & Genouloux.

(a) Pipa. Por Clarín (Leopoldo Alas). Madrid: Librería de Fernando Fé.

colonies to fill positions far more suitable for a class of young persons who could be more easily dispensed with, and who have a much worse chance in the old country. Besides describing what she herself heard and saw in Canada, Mrs. Saxby also prints some letters from correspondents in British Columbia, one of whom enlarges on the curse of Chinese cheap labour, observing:—"It does truly seem to me that the infernal drug which we forced down the Chinaman's throat at the point of the bayonet is going to react against ourselves in a manner never even dreamed of." Shall we never get rid of the fallacy that it is Indian opium which has demoralized the Chinese? Colonel Mark Bell, on the road from Sinan-fu to Kashghar, found that the Indian drug everywhere cost about four times as much as the opium grown in the country.

#### THE CITY OF OXFORD.—VOL. II.\*

OUR complaint as to the unwieldy size of the first volume of this edition of Anthony Wood's *City of Oxford* has not been without effect; Mr. Clark, who edits the work for the Oxford Historical Society, has been good enough to suppress—or rather, we hope, to hold over—a treatise on his author's materials in order to keep his present volume within reasonable compass. As it is, the volume is thicker than we could wish it; but it is not preposterous, nor, indeed, uncomely. It contains Wood's account of the churches and religious houses of the city, and is carefully edited, though a few more foot-notes might have been added with advantage. For example, Wood's note that the episcopal title "Roanensis" was taken from "a monastery called S. Audenus de Rovent, in Normandy," might well have elicited an editorial remark; and his reference to "Chronicon Thomæ Wyke, MS. Bibl. Cotton," should not have been left without an additional reference to the Rolls edition of the Chronicle. Wood begins with the Cathedral, next takes St. Mary's, the University church, and then the other parish churches, twenty-four in number, in alphabetical order. In his section on St. Aldate's he accepts the derivation of the name from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Eldad, Bishop of Gloucester; and in other places also has a good deal of legendary matter. A St. Andrew's Church of which he gives a notice probably never existed; he found this out later, and crossed out the paragraph relating to it. In St. George's Church, in the Castle, built by Robert of Oily, of which in the seventeenth century only "foot-prints and tokens" remained, used to be kept the saint's sword, and "great charge of wax-light always burned before his image." The parish of St. John the Baptist, the Merton church, once contained, Wood believed, as many as eighteen halls; but when he wrote "our parish" consisted "but of seven houses except two Colledges and a Hall." He notes the monuments to his grandfather and four other members of his family, and he was himself buried there; for he was a parishioner as well as a Postmaster of the College, having been born in Portionists' or Postmaster's Hall. He records some particulars about the bells of Osney Abbey, which were said to have been the finest peal in England. The seven old bells of Abbot Leech were broken and recast before the Suppression, and a peal of eight was formed with new names:—

Mary and Jesus,  
Meribus and Lucas,  
New bell and Thomas,  
Conger and Goldeston.

The name Conger seems worthy of notice, though the editor has passed it by without remark. It probably stands for St. Cungar, the legendary saint after whom Congresbury in Somerset was supposed to take its name. As the only church in England dedicated to St. Cungar is in Somerset—there are two or three in Wales—the name may perhaps indicate that the bells were cast in the West, possibly in Bristol or in the neighbourhood of that city. When Thomas became "Great Tom of Christchurch" it was baptized by Dr. Tresham, a canon of the church, and afterwards Vice-Chancellor, with the name of Mary, "for joy of Queen Marie's reign." Of the monastic colleges St. Mary's, which belonged to the Austin Canons, was for a time the abode of Erasmus. After the Dissolution it was used as a hall for students, and then, having passed to the City, as a charity-school and workhouse, or bridewell, until it became the property of Brasenose College. Gloucester College, originally used only by the monks of St. Peter's Abbey, at Gloucester, and later by several other Benedictine houses, stood partly on the site of the present Worcester College; while Trinity represents Durham College, founded about 1290, and endowed by Bishop Hatfield. The history of the Oxford friaries is fully treated; the volume ends with notices of the hospitals and other smaller religious buildings of the city. It is furnished with an interesting map of Oxford—ecclesiastical and academical—in 1440, and with a reproduction of Wood's ground-plan of the Cathedral, showing the interments between 1639 and 1670.

\* *Survey of the Antiquities of the City of Oxford composed in 1661-6 by Anthony Wood. Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, and Vicar of St. Michael's, Oxford. Vol. II. Churches and Religious Houses. Oxford: printed for the Oxford Historical Society. 1890.*

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE continued interest in Madame de Staël (1) shown by a certain class of literary and political persons, when compared with the obstinate and admitted refusal of even the "reading" public to read her works, has often attracted curious attention. In part, no doubt, it is, as cynics have said, the result of the lady's connexion with a strong and almost hereditary section of the French Academy; in part also of the curious way in which Corinne, though not strictly a Frenchwoman, exhibited French ideals of life and literature. M. Albert Sorel is, we think, the best book—it is certainly the best book on a small scale—that we have seen on her. It is admirably written, with enough, but not too much, of such *pointes* as "L'adjectif est la mode et le caprice en littérature. Il fait la hardiesse du livre de demain, il fait le charme du livre d'aujourd'hui et le ridicule de celui d'hier," or the remark that Lord Nelvil's "grand manteau sombre et flottant" is "le pendant masculin du turban de Corinne." It exhibits a grasp of the subject as a whole which, if we may presume to say so, is seldom so rarely found as in criticism which contains such *pointes* as these, and which is therefore more absent in French criticism than in any other. It rates its subject, we think (and we shall in a moment endeavour briefly to show), too high; but it makes an admirable fight for her, and its competence, both literary and political (but especially political), is remarkable. If it only had not got the usual hideous portrait as a frontispiece! Poor Corinne herself somewhere talks of "the frivolous advantages of face and figure," the importance of which, she says, "les hommes ont voulu." Well, as an authority who knows them has just said, "Men are queer creatures." And we own that we have always a hard struggle to forget, not merely the hideous coiffure, but the stumpy, clumsy figure, the grenadier's arms and hands, the huge waist, the heavy chin, the mouth sensual, but with none of the charm that sensual mouths often have, of this dreadful caricature.

After all, however, Madeleine de Scudéry was described as "a she baboon dipped in ink," and yet she is a very interesting writer; nor do Mme. de Staël's claims rest or need to rest on the "frivolous advantages." If we could take as high a view of her as M. Sorel takes, we would forgive her even her turban, and take no notice of the private history, pitiful and yet ludicrous, which M. Sorel, by the way, treats with infinite dexterity, and yet with no want of truth. But we cannot take such a view; and, indeed, if we had space for such an effort of malice, we could produce chapter and verse from M. Sorel himself to show that it is very doubtful whether his intellect quite goes with his desires in the matter. He has the candour—the almost perfidious candour—to place a passage from Chateaubriand side by side with one from Corinne, and to admit that there is nothing in the mere "emotional thought" of the one which can compare with the "wonderful art," the "adorable harmony" of the other. Chateaubriand himself is rather out of fashion now, and no one in our generation is likely to miss the faults of his style. But the comparison with Mme. de Staël is only the more crushing to her because the two were subject to exactly the same influences, and show in their different ways exactly the same defects. M. Sorel, indeed, like all the Staëlists, would waive the question of form altogether, and stick to that of matter. Even here, however, we think that a very awkward rebutting case might be made out of his own admissions. This praise, surely, is rather damaging; we should ourselves say no worse. "Elle comprend tout ce qui peut s'expliquer en causant dans un salon; elle voit tout ce qui se peut apercevoir en passant de sa berline où elle cause encore plus qu'elle n'observe." It is surely cold comfort either for Mme. de Staël or for French tragedy to say that the lady defends "on ne peut mieux" the style, adding that it is impossible to show better why this theatre "demeurera toujours impénétrable aux étrangers." If an advocate can only support the claims of literature, which ought to appeal to man as man, by declaring that it will never appeal to man except as Little Pedlingtonia, the literature must be very poor or the advocate very clumsy. Much the same is the case in regard to politics, on which M. Sorel is at once a greater authority and a more enthusiastic enthusiast; but here it is less easy to give proofs shortly. Let us only say that M. Sorel's mistake seems to lie in a single word which he is very fond of using respecting his heroine—the word "virile." In our humble opinion, virile was exactly what Mme. de Staël was not, though she may have been viraginous. The famous Fichte story, which M. Sorel very fairly reproduces, gives her pretty completely. She had, perhaps, in the most eminent degree naturally that was ever known, and had stimulated by art to a higher degree still, the clever woman's knack of forming ideas, and not stupid ideas, about almost every subject, those which she could not understand being, in the well-known phrase, not worth understanding. But we do not think she had anything more, and we do think that the value of those ideas which she has been very commonly and very considerably exaggerated.

M. Paul Déroulède, having sold a hundred and thirty editions of his *Chants du soldat* (exactly ten times as many as that number which the poor Ettrick Shepherd in his day declared no living bard ever had or ever could honestly sell), having been scarcely less successful with later volumes of poems and with plays, and having experienced (with vicissitudes) the joys of politics in

(1) *Les Grands Ecrivains Français—Madame de Staël. Par Albert Sorel. Paris: Hachette.*



the short but merry days of the *Brav' Général*, has now made an essay in the prose romance (2). The style is somewhat old-fashioned, but none the worse for that. A youthful Frenchman of the all-conquering kind discovers at Pisa a beautiful Marchesa Tita, of extreme youth, married to a marchese who has been a soldier of fortune, and is not to be trifled with. (M. Déroulède, by the way, gives the Marchese a touch or two of the *beau rôle* in more ways than one, expressly telling us that he had married Tita, after in vain representing to her the difference of their ages, and to save her from the cloister.) The husband discovers the matter in time, but spares both his wife and the lover on condition that she will break off all relations and accompany himself on a long voyage. The despairing lover and a kind of elder-sister brother of his hunt for them in vain; and at last, in Vienna, Jacques, the hero, experiences consolation at the hands of a Parisian-American circus damsel, whom he has known before. He kisses the girl at a window (a most reprehensible and dangerous practice), and a cry sounds from the square in front. What that cry was, and what it meant, and how everything ended unhappily, base is that reader who cannot find out and yet wishes to be told. The book, though it has an amateurish tone about it, is somehow not unpleasant.

The well-known *French Grammar* of De Fivas (Lockwood & Son) has, it would seem, reached a fifty-first edition. Nothing need be said more than that. We have received a third instalment of Mr. James Boiell's selections from Macaulay for translation into French, containing this time the Essay on Clive (Williams & Norgate). It will no doubt be useful.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE poets of America in their own country occupy different positions from those assigned to them by popular estimation in England. The difference is not merely a matter of relation, but also of degree. Mr. John Bigelow's latest contribution to the "American Men of Letters" series—*William Cullen Bryant* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)—illustrates the truism afresh. In England Longfellow and Poe have long occupied the two first places, while Mr. Whittier and Bryant lag somewhat behind, for the present. There are those who profess to believe in a "Democratic era." They would efface these and all other poets from Homer's day and start with a clean slate and Mr. Walt Whitman. But little is said for the scheme, even in America, though the idea has engaged the too sympathetic pen of Mr. Symonds. Mr. Bigelow is not quite happy about Bryant's reputation in England. He cannot find the poet's name in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and thinks it strange that no place is found in its "Walthalla" for the author of "Thanatopsis." He ventures to think "Bryant's poetry has never touched a very sympathetic chord in England"; but he does not appear to suspect that the poetry may be at fault, not the people. Bryant was a one-poem poet; or a poet of two poems, at the best, if we take the much bemoaned "Lines to a Water-Fowl" into account. Both poems were written in youth; "Thanatopsis," certainly a remarkable production, when the poet was barely eighteen. A story, by the way, is told of the late Matthew Arnold's admiration of the "Water-Fowl" stanzas, on the authority of Bryant's biographer, Mr. Parke Godwin. Matthew Arnold first heard of Bryant through Hartley Coleridge, when they were both lads. [N.B. Hartley was twenty-six when Matthew was born.] Coleridge visited the Arnolds one afternoon considerably excited, and exclaimed, "Matt, do you want to hear the best short poem in the English language?" "Faith, Hartley, I do," was Arnold's reply. He then read a poem, "To a Water-Fowl," in his best manner. And he was a good reader. As soon as he had done, he asked, "What do you think of that?" "I am not sure but you are right, Hartley; is that your father's?" "No," replied Hartley, "father has written nothing like that." Matt's question showed small promise of critical faculty, and from the reply it really looks as if this "shallow" Hartley were a wag. Mr. Bigelow tells us that Dana "choked a little" when he saw the dedication to Rogers of the first English edition of Bryant, though he had sufficient good sense to see that Washington Irving, who contrived the dedication, had done an excellent stroke of business for his friend. Rogers was not a great poet, as Mr. Bigelow truly remarks, but he was the most influential man of letters in London, and Irving's dedication was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to the unknown American poet. The conjunction was really appropriate. Both poets were early established in the faith and example of our Augustan poetry. Both are respectable poets of the didactic order, and to neither was it given to touch "sympathetic chords" in the heart of a nation. Bryant's limitations as a metrical artist are so conspicuous, it is amazing to note that he was urged by Dana to write a book on the laws of metre. His correctness, which Mr. Bigelow praises, is that of the school in which he was reared, a correctness of taste and of diction rather than of mere rhyming. Mr. Bigelow commends the "conscientious fidelity" of his rhymes, yet he was capable of perpetrating in one short poem such rhymes as "domes" and "glooms," "hall" and "crawl."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie's *Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words*

(a) *Histoire d'amour*. Par Paul Déroulède. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(Chapman & Hall) treats of the art and archæology of ship and boat building in the days before steam, "the days of oak and hemp," and will be found by others than Mr. Ruskin, who warmly encouraged the author's work, to be "a most refreshing thing to take up," a book full of charm and interest from first to last. Mr. Leslie describes the build and rig of all kinds of vessels known to river or sea in the past, or that do fitly survive in the present. He traces the evolution or notes points of departure in the development of sails, masts, yards, bowsprit, rigging, keel, decks, and all other parts or appurtenances of ships' architecture. He shows the genuine artistic spirit when discoursing of this fascinating and inexhaustible subject, and has illustrated it, to the landsman's delight and instruction, with many admirable drawings. Here are depicted many curious fashions of sail or rigging, such as the Genoese carrack, the French bomb-ketch, the Algerine or Spanish war-galley, the old frigate with "lateen mizzen." And here also are the Arab dhow, the piratical Chinese junk, the rakish Baltimore clipper, and numerous examples of fishing and coasting craft, many of which do yet retain the beauty of their ancient prototypes, such as the Beer trawler, the Yorkshire billy-boy, the topsail Thames barge. It is impossible to tire of these "old sea wings and ways," and the contemplation of the beauty of these old marine forms. As to the old sea "words," Mr. Leslie's dictionary of sea terms is also illustrated both by drawings and by references to Smollett, Dana, Marryat, and other writers not unknown to the general. And, as has been pointed out, Mr. Leslie's book is not solely, or chiefly, good reading for the well equipped in nautical things.

Mr. Henry Morley's "Attempt towards a History of English Literature" may now be said to be rising above its foundations. The greater portion of the fifth volume of *English Writers* (Cassell & Co.) is devoted to the life and works of Chaucer, the labours of the various editors of the poet, the chief and minor poems, with a commentary of the descriptive kind, like an illustrative "argument," of all Chaucer's work, acknowledged or disputed. We may note, by the way, the extremely cautious position taken up by Professor Morley with regard to the authorship of "The Flower and the Leaf." He does not reject Chaucer's claim entirely, as Professor Skeat does; he merely finds that there is no conclusive evidence one way or the other. But he makes nothing of that internal spiritual evidence which is surely as worthy of consideration as internal evidence of the textual kind. We must distinguish, says Mr. Morley, between fact and opinion. "Poets have thought the poem worthy of him; that is opinion," he remarks. Now all poets reading the poem, and many critics of poetical gifts, have felt within themselves that none other than Chaucer was the author; that is fact. If not Chaucer, is it possible to conceive one among his contemporaries and successors, even to the beginning of the sixteenth century, as the author? The reference to the Order of the Garter, cited by Professor Skeat—

Eke there be knightés old of the garter  
That in hir tîmê did right worthily—

Mr. Morley accepts as the "strongest argument" against Chaucer's claim. Would Chaucer, he asks, only forty years later than the institution of the Order refer to it as old? Well, why not? And, again, does he do so?

Mr. E. Stevenson's selection in the "Camelot" series, *Early Reviews of Great Writers* (1786-1852), is a reprint of some interest, though by no means so representative of the supposed "savagery" of the old days of reviewing, when the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* were young, as it might and should have been. The absurd review of the Poet Laureate from the *Westminster* is altogether superfluous. For the rest, it may surprise many good Wordsworthians and Shelleys to find how much shrewd sense and true criticism these brutal old critics possessed. The most uncritical of these collected reviews is that on Coleridge's *Christabel* from the *Monthly*, wherein the poet is horribly "mismetred" by some dull, ignorant pedant, for whom metre was nothing but a matter of syllables.

In the "International Scientific Series" we have an *Introduction to Fresh-Water Algae* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., Limited), by M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D., an excellent illustrated handbook to one of the most fascinating subjects of the microscopist's study. As the author's larger work, *British Fresh-Water Algae*, is now unattainable, this *Introduction*, with its full descriptive catalogue of species and illustrative diagrams of genera, will no doubt be widely appreciated by students.

That "prevention is better than cure" is an excellent maxim, kept well in view by Dr. A. B. Griffiths in his practical handbook of agricultural science, *The Diseases of Crops, and their Remedies* (Bell & Sons). This little book, designed for farmers and students, cannot fail to prove useful. The diagrams are numerous and good; the description of fungoid diseases of grain, root, and other crops are clear and exact; and the remedial measures suggested comprise some old forms of prevention and the last new notions approved by science.

Mr. William Somerville's *Timbers, and How to Know them* (Edinburgh: Douglas) is a translation, or condensation, of Professor Robert Hartig's well-known work on the growth and structure of forest trees.

Selected "readings," appointed for every day in the year, are seldom satisfactory compilations. An exception, however, may fairly be claimed in *The Steps of the Sun* (Rivingtons), a pocket volume of prose readings selected by Agnes Mason.

Recent numbers of *Artistic Japan*, conducted by S. Bing (Sampson Low & Co.), abound in charming decorative and pictorial designs: landscapes by Hokusai and Hiroshige, fascinating examples of the art of the inimitable Korin, studies of animals, birds, flowers by various masters, and a wonderful "Theatre interior," by Toyokuni, whose treatment of a crowd and command of the resources of facial expression are genuinely Hogarthian.

*Figaro Illustré* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) is an excellent number. The reproductions of paintings in colour are especially admirable. When shall we see such chromotypes as these replace the raw chromos of English illustrated papers?

The current issue of *Our Celebrities*, edited by Percy Notcutt (Sampson Low & Co.), contains three exceedingly fine examples of Mr. Walery's skill in the portraits of Professor Tyndall, Miss Hope Temple, and Mr. G. R. Sims.

We have also received a new edition of *National Sermons* by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *The Laurel Bush*, by the late Mrs. Craik, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *La Commedia di Dante Alighieri* (Rivingtons), a beautiful imprint by Messrs. T. & A. Constable, without annotation; Dante's treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, translated, with notes, by A. G. Ferrers Howell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Church; or, What do Anglicans mean by "The Church"?* by J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. (St. Anselm's Society); *Monsignor*, by Mrs. Compton Reade (Arrowsmith); *The Doctor's Secret*, by Rita (F. V. White & Co.); *Palaver*, by B. (Leadenhall Press); *The Mysterious Stranger*, by C. H. Thorburn (Digby & Long); and *Stafford in Olden Time* (Stafford: J. & C. Mort), a series of illustrated articles, compiled by J. L. Cherry, reprinted from the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

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## Chronicle.

John Henry Newman.

The Strike in South Wales. Of Decollation.

Sir William Harcourt on the Lords. The Naval Engineers.

A Magnificent Montyon Prize. Posts and Trains.

The Dublin Corporation Bill.

The Indian Budget.

## The Session.

Rilo. The Indian Uncovenanted Civil Service.

The Farne Islands. Money Matters. Mediæval Hand-Lore.

Racing. The Gizeh Museum.

Modern Fortification. How Dared He?

Gray and his Friends.

Two Stories. Hawthorne.

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 French or German spoken by all the resident Staff.  
 Fine premises; liberal arrangements; wide culture.  
 Fee, £5 to £50 a Term.  
 For Prospectus address H. PERRY-BROWNE, Esq., 26 Bedford Row, London, W.C. or Rev. THE WARDEN, Brighton Ladies' College.

## COLSTON'S GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL.—A HEAD-

MISTRESS is required for this ENDOWED SCHOOL (intended for Girls of the Middle Class), which will be opened in January, 1891. The election will be held in September or October. Minimum Salary, £200. Age from twenty-five to thirty-five. No residence. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE H. POPE, Merchants' Hall, Bristol.

## OUNDEL SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1.  
 The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains nearly 1,000 beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical, and Medical cases, Departments for Women and Children, and Ophthalmic cases. Special departments for Diseases of the Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, Piles, and Fistula. Number of in-patients last year, 9,100; out-patients, 169,330; accidents, 11,000.  
 Surgical operations daily.

APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Part of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolitan District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to  
 Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, Physician.